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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE have read with interest the observations on English conditions made by Mr. William Hard, a prominent American journalist, who is revisiting this country. The same fundamental egotism which makes the individual listen absorbedly to conversation about his own character holds good of the members of a nation. Perhaps the egotism deserves a better name; it is true we are delighted to find ourselves regarded as an affair of importance, but there are indications that we are engaged in an elusive search for the real substance that lies behind the disconcerting and incalculable "me." When an Englishman listens to an American who discusses England seriously, his vanity is less engaged than his desire for the truth. To Mr. Hard, therefore, we lend an attentive ear, and we are most attentive when he speaks on matters wherein he is an authority—in the present instance, when he compares American journalism with our own.

* * * *

English journalism (he says) is more various than American. England has magazines "further towards the impenetrably solid"—we tremble to know whether these lines belong to that kind—and magazines that are more "filmy" than anything the Americans have. They have, moreover, nothing to compare with the English newspapers that represent a class, such as the *Morning Post* on the one hand, and the *Daily Herald* on the other. Now that, it seems to us, is an interesting comparison, and the difference is worth explaining. We can offer only tentative suggestions. To explain the greater solidity of some English magazines—we can scarcely admit their "impenetrability"—we should invoke the comparative age of English journalism. A tradition was

formed in the days when the public looked to periodical literature for instruction more than amusement. There was, one hundred years ago, a large number of people who passionately desired education for its own sake, and these continually reinforced the cultivated audience to which the reviews of the time made their original appeal.

* * * *

Perhaps our serious magazines are too serious, and are to some extent conducted on the assumption that weighty matters should be treated in a heavy style. But, on the whole, their merits far outweigh their defects, and if, as seems probable, a time of tribulation for them is at hand, it is to be hoped they will survive with their virtues—honesty, courtesy in controversy and a sense of perspective—unimpaired. Much more alarming than Mr. Hard's incidental criticism of our serious journalism is his opinion that our "flimsy" periodicals are flimsier than their counterparts in America. Our own small knowledge corroborates his view. The American illustrated magazines are definitely better than our own. A counterpart of the *Saturday Evening Post* of New York would certainly not have a circulation of two million copies here; one can, indeed, hardly imagine it with a tenth of that circulation. The problem here is not so much to explain why the English magazines are so inferior—we believe, by the way, that they are worse than they need be—as to explain why the American magazines are so good. Apparently, the general level of education and taste is higher in America. Our minority is better, but our majority is worse.

* * * *

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Eric Gill, for whose work as a sculptor we have a great respect, has declared, in an address at the exhibition of children's

art at Knightsbridge, that our duty is to be as little children in matters of art and the intellect. It is the last thing on earth we need to be. On the contrary, we need most urgently to become really grown-up, to have grown-up intelligences and grown-up tastes. The only childhood we are likely to attain by becoming as little children is a second childhood. There is plenty of evidence that the condition is common enough at the present time without its being encouraged. What we need is a little more readiness to face facts and sacrifice illusions, and more insistence that our art and our literature should be of a kind that will appeal to the finest interests of grown men and women.

* * *

The "Diary of Opal Whiteley" is a case in point; and since we criticized it severely in these pages, we are bound to refer to Mr. Ellery Sedgwick's reply to a communication from Mr. Marston, the editor of the *Publishers' Circular*, drawing attention to our criticism. Mr. Sedgwick assures us that he acted in good faith in the matter. We do not need the assurance; the good faith of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* is above suspicion. We suggested that he had been deceived, and we have to confess that our misgivings are not settled by Mr. Sedgwick's assurance that he himself saw the diary when it arrived from Los Angeles, and that "he knows that the manuscript, as published in the *Atlantic*, was pieced together in the time specified." He throws a new light on the physical problem by explaining that the manuscript had a decorated border, which made the process of arrangement easier. But the real question to be investigated, most rigorously, is the good faith not of Mr. Sedgwick, but of Miss Opal Whiteley.

* * *

By the death of Mr. T. W. Rolleston at the age of sixty-three, we lose one of the moving spirits in the Irish literary renaissance. Perhaps the most widely known of his works was "The Treasury of Irish Poetry" (1900), which he edited in collaboration with Stopford Brooke, whose daughter he married some years previously. His book on "Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature" (1900) was a timely revelation of aspects of the Irish genius to the world at large. Rolleston belonged to the splendid race of Irish practical idealists, at whose head stands George Russell (A. E.). His activities as Director of the Irish Industries Association and organizer to the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction were an integral part of his life's work, proceeding from the same centre as his criticism of literature and art. It was to Rolleston that Mr. George Moore dedicated "Esther Waters."

* * *

Mr. Macdermott, the director of the Hampstead Everyman Theatre, informs us that a gift of £2,000 has been offered towards the capital debt of £4,000, on condition that the remainder of the amount is raised. Mr. Macdermott's problem now, is to find four or five supporters who will contribute £500 each. As our previous note on this matter showed, once the weight of the capital debt is removed from the enterprise, Mr. Macdermott has every confidence that the theatre will be able to pay its way. At a time when the most famous of all the repertory theatres, the "Gaiety" of Manchester, is compelled to surrender, the Hampstead venture must be kept afloat.

SOLILOQUIES IN ENGLAND

QUEEN MAB

NATURE, which is far more resourceful than logic, has found a way out of the contradiction between the human need for expression and the British distaste for personal outbursts. This way is rambling fiction. When out of shyness, or because they have shocked each other, the inner man and the outer man are not on speaking terms, loud language and vehement gestures are incompatible with depth of feeling. What lies deep must in such a case remain unexpressed, and will seem inexpressible. A man's heart will be revealed, even to himself, only in long stretches of constant endeavour and faithful habit: towards the end of his life he may begin to discern his ruling motives. In the meantime, however, his fancy may have played at self-revelation; he may have indulged in day-dreams and romantic transformations of himself, as boys do; and without pledging his real person too much he may have made trial of candour, or, if need be, of extravagance, in imaginary substitutes for himself, thus trying the paces of his inner man without cheapening his secret feelings or publishing them in common and second-hand terms. Such a man will talk little about himself; his opinions and preferences will not be very explicit, but he will privily nurse and develop them by endless variations played upon them in fancy, as he reads or perhaps writes a book of fiction by his chimney corner. He will dream of what Queen Mab makes other people dream.

Romantic fiction is a bypath of expression: it meanders through fields of possible experience that stretch harmlessly between the highroads of actual lives, far from the precipices of private and public passions. The labyrinth is infinite, but the path chosen in it is always traceable by a sort of Ariadne's thread spun out of the poet's heart. He means to forget himself and to feign some charming monster in some picturesque landscape, the more exotic the better; but in doing so he obeys the dream-impulses of his own soul, and recasts or corrects the images supplied by his experience. His very extravagances and hectic concentration of fancy betray him; they manifest his impatience, his affections, his potentialities; for he paints what he can conceive and what fascinates him in conceiving it. That which he might have been, and was not, comforts him. Such a form of self-expression, indirect, bashful, and profoundly humorous, being play rather than art, is alone congenial to the British temperament; it is the soul of English literature. Like English politics and religion, it breathes tolerance, plasticity, waywardness, infinitude; it is tender and tentative, shapeless and guileless. Its straggling march forms a vast national soliloquy, rich in casual touches, in alternatives, in contrasts, in suspended themes; the plot grows out of the episodes, it is always being remodelled and always to be continued. The facts, though much talked of in detail, are never faced as a whole, nor is the soul ever gathered together to pronounce upon them; the whole procedure is a subterfuge, and may be easily disparaged by people with other gifts and aspirations. Intelligence certainly does not dominate

it; its conclusions, when it reaches conclusions, are false, and its methods cumbrous; and foreigners who adopt them are catching only the vices of their model. But its virtues are transcendent; if the mind of England is wrapped in mists, it is touched with ethereal colours; and who shall measure the benign influences, the lights, the manliness, the comforts, the moral sanity that have spread from it through the world? Its very incapacities are full of promise; it closes no doors; it is the one fountain of kindly liberty on earth. The Englishman's prejudices are so obviously prejudices as to be almost innocent, and even amiable; his consecrated formulas (for of course he has them) are frankly inadequate and half humorous; he would not have you suppose he has said his all, or his last word. He is jealous of preserving, far from public observation or censure, the free play of his potential sentiments; from thence he will occasionally fetch some scrap of a word, or let slip some hint of emotion; he will only murmur or suggest or smile his loves. Everybody dislikes a caricature of himself; and the Englishman feels (I think justly) that any figure a man can cut in other people's eyes is a caricature. Therefore, if there is anything in him, he fears to betray it; and if there is nothing in him, he fears to betray that; and in either case he is condemned to diffidence and shyness. He wishes you to let him alone; perhaps if you do he may presently tell you, about quite another imaginary person, some vivid and tender story.

This story may be a fairy tale or it may be a piece of realistic fiction, in which the experiences of sundry characters, as different as possible from oneself and from one another, are imagined and lived through. The author may fairly say that these creations are not masks for his own person; it is expressly not his own feelings that he is evoking and developing. He is fancying other feelings; and yet, as this fancy and the magic life it constitutes are necessarily his own, his mind is being secretly agitated and relieved by these fictions; and his sensibility, instead of being sublimated into some ultimate tragic passion, is diffused over a thousand picturesque figures and adventures with which he acknowledges no moral kinship, save such as is requisite for a lively interest in them and a minute portrayal. It is only by accident that any of his poetic offspring may resemble their parent. What cares he what curious eye may note their deformity? He need not blush for them. He may even be bent on unmasking and fiercely condemning them, as a scrupulous penitent is bent on ferreting out and denouncing his real or fancied sins. In the most searching truth of fiction there is accordingly no indiscretion; the author's inmost and least avowable feelings may be uttered through it without reserve. Like a modest showman behind the curtain of his booth, he manipulates his marionettes and speaks for them in a feigned voice, by a sort of ventriloquy. Here is no religious tragedy, no distilled philosophy, no over-arching cosmic myth. The scale is pleasantly small and the tone familiar, though the sum of the parts may fade into the infinite. We do not find in this complicated dream any life greater than our own or less accidental. We do not need to outgrow ourselves in order to understand it; no one summons

us to pause, to recant, to renounce any part of our being. On the contrary, we simply unwind our own reel; we play endlessly at living, and in this second visionary life we survive all catastrophes, and we exchange one character for another without carrying over any load of memory or habit or fate. We seem still to undergo the vicissitudes of a moral world, but without responsibility.

Queen Mab is a naughty sprite, full of idle curiosity and impartial laughter. When she flutters over the roofs of cities, she is no angel with a mission, coming to sow there some chosen passion or purpose of her own; nor does she gather from those snoring mortals any collective sentiment or aspiration, such as a classic muse might render articulate, or such as religion or war or some consecrated school of art might embody. She steals wilyly like a stray moonbeam into every crack and dark old corner of the earth. Her deft touch, as she pretends, sets all men dreaming, each after his own heart; but like other magicians, she is a fraud. Those garden fancies about her fairy equipage are all a joke to amuse the children; her wings are, in reality, far finer than gossamer, and the Equivocation she rides on is nimbler than any grasshopper. All she professes to spy out or provoke is her own merry invention. Her wand really works no miracle and sets no sleeper dreaming; on the contrary, it is rather an electric spark from the lover's brain or the parson's nose, as she tickles it, that quickens her own fancy, and hatches there an interminable brood of exquisite oddities, each little goblin perfectly ridiculous, each quite serious and proud of its little self, each battling bravely for its little happiness. Queen Mab is the genius proper to the art of a nation whose sensibility is tender, but whose inner life is drab and pale. To report, however poetically, the events and feelings they have actually experienced would be dull, as dull as life; their imagination craves entertainment with something richer, more wayward, more exciting. Everyone is weary of his own society; the lifelong company of so meagre and warped a creature has become insufferable. We see that the passions of Mercutio are potentially deep and vivid; but they have been crossed by fortune, and on fortune his kindly humour mockingly takes its revenge, by feigning no end of parodies and escapades for the ineffable bright mischiefs lurking in his bosom. Queen Mab is the frail mothlike emanation of such a generous but disappointed mind; her magic lies in the ironical visions which, like the dust of the poppy, she can call forth there. A Cinderella at home, she becomes a seer in her midnight travels. Hence *Table Rounds* and *Ivanhoes*; hence three-volume novels about *Becky Sharps* and *David Copperfields*. These imagined characters are often alive, not only because the scene in which they move may be well indicated, with romantic absorption in the picturesque aspects of human existence, but also because their minds are the author's mind dreaming; they skirt the truth of his inner man; in their fancifulness or their realism they retain a secret reference to the deepest impulses in himself.

English lovers, I believe, seldom practise what in Spain is called conjugating the verb; they do not spend hours ringing the changes on I love, you love, we love. This, in their opinion, would be to protest

too much. They prefer the method of Paolo and Francesca; they will sit reading out of the same book, and when they come to the kissing she will say, "How nice that is!" and he will reply, "Isn't it?" and the story will supply the vicarious eloquence of their love. Fiction or poetry, in some supposititious instance, reports for the Englishman the bashful truth about himself; and what English life thereby misses in vivacity, English literature gains in wealth, in tenderness, in a rambling fidelity, and in preciousness to the people's heart.

G. SANTAYANA.

HARRY

MANY women—sisters, mothers, wives and lovers—came to Ward One, where the desperate cases lay.

The lovers were the saddest sight of all.

Although Harry very well knew what his transference to Ward One implied, he was very gay.

"I've got no arm, Sister," he said, as the orderlies bore him in, "an' no leg; so what's left of me is all the more precious."

Precious it was, poor boy, precious to him, and even more precious to those who watched him and who dreaded, with only too much reason, that he would have to lose even another limb if his spirit was to continue to shine from the eyes of that close-cropped golden head, the face of which was seamed with odd narrow lines significant of such physical pain as is not usually encountered during a space of fifty years, which had here been crowded into as many days since the morning when the surgeons had cut away the right arm and left leg of this boy of twenty-two.

"At any rate, Sister, I balance," Harry said.

And Sister laughed. It was her duty.

Harry bore the hour of dressing—that hour accounted by many soldiers the most terrible of their appalling profession—with great fortitude. He was elaborate about his preparations; he required two pillows behind his shoulders and one behind his head; he placed a wad of lint in his mouth; he clutched the side of the bed with the arm that was left to him.

"It's no good yellin', Sister," he said.

"That's all right, Harry," Sister replied. "Yell if it helps you at all."

Then the vein that ran down between his brows stood up. He became bathed in sweat. Sometimes, because of the anguish, he spewed the lint out of his mouth and shrieked. He would apologize for this

"When I hear the hammers in my ears I have to yell," he said. "I feel as if my hair was comin' off—the job hurts me so."

But for the most part he endured with only stifled exclamations. When a dressing was over a few tears always fell from his eyes—tears of shame, sorrow, pain and relief.

The surgeon was almost daunted by him. "I should feel happier if that young chap yelled," he remarked. "There's a limit to all pluck. He's not saving himself, and he may need to. It's a pity we have each our own nature to deal with, and cannot give another the tip. But one can't tell; perhaps he feels that if he gives way at all the whole body of his morale may go. And perhaps he's right. Nature

has an instinct for conduct. Advice might be dangerous."

But it was not the dressing—excruciating offices as they were—that sapped Harry's courage: it was to be twenty-two and have only one arm and one leg. That was a pain which found no expression save in his habitual joke, uttered ever with less and less of mirth, "I've got no arm and no leg, Sister, so take good care of me; for I says, what's left of me is all the more precious."

The occasions on which Harry spewed out the lint became more and more frequent. He grew ashamed, crestfallen, wholly silent. A terrible dull look—sign of the stalemate of death and courage—stood in his eyes.

Because it was felt that the presence of a friend might hearten him, and because the surgeons began more and more to have to consider an eventuality they dared not communicate to the case, the boy was asked if there was anyone he would like especially to see.

"There's Rosie, she's my girl," said Harry.

So Rosie was sent for. She came—a country girl of shy manners and gentle voice. Though not possessed of good looks in the ordinary sense, she had a vivid colour. Hers was the freshness of one whose lungs drink every morning the blowy airs of the down; hers the intimate warmth of one who, in the evening, crouched before the hazy grate, loses herself, almost before she knows she has begun to dream, in a reverie not without its never wholly explicit episodes of womanly passion and prophetic tenderness. She appeared at the end of the dull ward like the embodiment of the spirit of life itself.

Harry, seeing her, began to breathe rapidly.

She went straight to him and kissed him again and again.

Harry said nothing, but his eyes shone.

And they began to babble, those two. She peeled oranges all over the bed. She stuck a piece of silver paper in his hair.

But Harry was easily fatigued. Enormous brown rings appeared about his eyes.

As she left the Sister said to her: "The surgeons have decided that Harry's other leg must come off. It's in a shocking state."

Rosie fainted.

The next day she returned to the hospital. Her eyes were very red. "I've been crying all night, Sister," she said.

"Never mind," said Sister; "you mustn't think of anything now except helping him. The other leg has got to come off this evening. We've kept it as long as we could. We daren't wait longer. But mind, he hasn't been told, and we shan't tell him. We don't think he could bear it. We've told him it's only going to be a small affair. Go in to him now. Much depends on you. Put all the courage into him you can."

She found him lying on the verge of stupor.

"I'm for it again," he said. His voice was faint.

"'Tis only a small affair, says Sister," she replied. And, leaning over the bed, she began to whisper to him.

When the time came for her to go she begged for five more minutes. During these five minutes she

knelt by the pillows, with her head laid on his shoulder and his head in her hands. Her lips moved. Her eyes appeared fixed in reverie. "I'll be seein' thee to-morrow," she said, rising at length. "Remember an' save up a first smile for me."

Thirty hours passed before she saw him again. He was quite changed.

"What have they done to thee?" she cried. But he made no answer. His eyes rested upon that piece of counterpane which yesterday had covered his only leg.

"You promised me—won't you smile?" she said.

He said nothing. All the colour left her face. She leaned over the end of the bed. She stretched out her arms. Her voice rang out: "Don't! Don't! I'll make it all up to thee, every bit of it, when we're married!"

But his eyes never moved.

Sister led her away.

That night the gentlest of all brides held him in her arms. Perhaps it was better so. Neither Courage nor Love is omnipotent.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

Poetry

OCTOBER

Who has not seen the sky
Battle from clouded cell,
With flushed face lifted high
Over the rain-splashed fell,
And the smile of heaven break free
From the scowl that held it slave,
Sparkle and shine like the sea
Cleft by a dancing wave?
Shattered is that dark host
Which crowded the path of light,
Palely they fade, as a ghost
When the cock crows out the night.
The sun where hid he lay
In the eddy of turbid streams
Shoots forth his thousand beams
And scatters his gold away.
Yet surely earth is in pain,
For summer is gone with the birds,
South from the mists and rain,
South from the sheltering herds
That crop mid the tufted sedge
In the windy hollows, or turn
Down to the teasing burn,
Brimming its sunken edge.
Oh! marvel of godlike change,
Wherein each shrunken leaf
Lit with amazement strange
Harvests a joy in grief.
The thatcher stays his hand,
Caught in that ruddy glow,
Where springtide currents flow
Into an ebbing land.
Ah! words are all too vain
Such mystery to tell!
Joy pasturing on pain,
Heaven's pavement laid on hell.
So frustrate does the breath
Part quivering lips in strife,
The dumb desire of death
Craving the song of life.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

REVIEWS

THE POETRY OF IQBAL

THE SECRETS OF THE SELF. By Sheikh Muhammad Iqbal. Translated from the Persian by R. A. Nicholson. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is significant of Empire that we should wait so long for a translation from Iqbal, the writer who has been for the last ten years such a tremendous name among our fellow-citizens, the Moslems of India. They respond to him as do Hindus to Tagore, and with greater propriety, for Tagore was little noticed outside Bengal until he went to Europe and gained the Nobel prize, whereas Iqbal has won his vast kingdom without help from the West. Lahore, Delhi, Aligarh, Lucknow, Bhopal, Hyderabad, regard him as a profound thinker and a sublime poet. Will London confirm their verdict? This question cannot be answered until it has been asked, and it has not yet been asked. Mr. Nicholson's welcome and excellent little book only touches a corner of the subject. When will he, or some other Oriental linguist, give us the material for a critical judgment? Meanwhile the following remarks may be of some slight help.

Poets in India cannot be parted from politics. Would that they could! but there is no hope in the present circumstances; one could as easily part Dante from Florence. As for the politics, they are triangular. There are two chief communities—Hindu and Moslem—and a ruling class of Englishmen. Owing to their common subjection and common Orientalism, the two communities sometimes draw together and oppose the English; owing to their different religions and to racial and social differences, they sometimes fly asunder. The English view these oscillations with cynicism, but they spring from instincts, deep if contradictory, that exist in every Indian heart. Shall the Indian look to the land he lives in, and try to make it a nation? Or shall he look to his own particular past—to Mecca if he be Moslem, to the Vedas or Upanishads if Hindu—and find in that his inspiration for the future? Heaven forbid that we should assist him in his choice; either goal seems barren if we may deduce from the history of Europe. But the choice itself is living, not to be sneered at, and we can see him hesitating over it even before the English came, advancing towards national unity under Akbar, retiring into religious diversities under Aurangzebe. Poets—unless they belong to the school of roses and nightingales ("gul and bulbul")—cannot abstain from this choice; but since they decide by emotion rather than arithmetic, their attitude is often unstable and vexes the politicians. Iqbal is a case in point. Born in the Punjab, where the feeling between Moslem and Hindu is especially high, he came out at first on the religious rather than the nationalist side. Like his predecessor Hali, he wrote for his own community. One of his early poems, "A Complaint," is addressed to God, and sets forth the great deeds of Moslems, their sufferings, their miserable recompense. ("God, we have done all this for you, and for our reward the infidels have Houris, while if lightning falls from Heaven, it is upon us.") The poem was regarded as daring, and had an immense success. In due course "A Reply to the Complaint" appeared, in which God defends himself by not unfamiliar arguments, retorting that the Moslems are to blame for their own misfortunes, owing to their lethargy and formalism. Both poems breathe the spirit of Aligarh, the great Anglo-Mohammedan College, which was founded to regenerate not India but Islam. "A Moslem Song" begins "We are all Moslems, the whole world is our country; China, Arabia and Hindustan are ours," and then addresses such lost or ruined cities as Cordova or Bagdad. Iqbal had, however, Hindu friends, who were distressed at the path he was taking

and remonstrated. He changed, the other side of his aspirations came to the front, and he wrote "Our Hindustan," a patriotic song. ("We are all Indians, our country is Hindustan, we are its bulbuls, it is our garden," &c.—very popular among students.) This was followed, in 1916, by "A New Temple," in which the same idea is expressed with greater art. Weary of the narrowness of Moslem divines, the poet calls to the Brahman priest to turn from his narrowness, and to join him in building a temple more lofty than any the world has yet seen, the Temple of India. The glory of the Courtyard from Mecca shall inhabit that temple; the image in its shrine shall be gold, shall be inscribed Hindustan, shall wear both the Brahman thread and the Moslem rosary, and the Muezzin shall call worshippers to prayer upon a horn. A nationalist anthem. Some of the poet's admirers are pleased with "A New Temple," others displeased, and there is much discussion as to how he will evolve. If an outsider may venture an opinion, he will not evolve but revolve. He has felt, with great sensitiveness, the alternatives that Destiny is now offering to India, and one would expect him to continue hesitating between them, as in the past.

The above poems, like most of Iqbal's work, are in Urdu, the language in which Anglo-Indians shout to their servants, and which they do not suspect of any other function. But he has also written in Persian, and this brings us to an interesting point. A cultivated Indian writer has more than one language lying ready to his pen, and he will select that which is appropriate to his subject-matter, and even to the state of his mind. Politics come in again. If a Moslem is conciliating Hindus, he will certainly write in Urdu, which is becoming their common speech and which furthermore contains a Sanskrit element, within limits variable. The Hindu will, conversely, write in Hindi, which resembles Urdu, though not in script, in vocabulary. But if the poet feels religious rather than nationalist, if he sings not of a new India but of the glorious past of his own community, then a more antique and consecrated medium may attract him; if a Moslem he may turn to Persian or even to Arabic, if a Hindu to Sanskrit. Thus "The Secrets of the Self," the Persian poem under review, though published between "Our Hindustan" and "A New Temple," is totally opposed to them in spirit. It is addressed to Moslems only, is philosophic, separatist; on its literary side it depends from classical Persia; and though there are non-Moslem elements in it they do not come from Hinduism: no, from a very different quarter.

For Iqbal completed his education in Europe; he has degrees from Cambridge and Munich, and keeps in touch with Western philosophy. And like other of his compatriots he has been influenced by Nietzsche; he tries to find, in that rather shaky ideal of the Superman, a guide through the intricacy of conduct. His couplets urge us to be hard and live dangerously; we are to be stone, not glass; diamonds, not dewdrops; tigers, not sheep; we are to beware of those sheep who, fearing our claws, come forward with the doctrine of vegetarianism. In an amusing fable he sets forth the consequences:

The fodder blunted their teeth
And put out the awful flashings of their eyes . . .
Their souls died and their bodies became tombs.
Bodily strength diminished while spiritual fear increased.
The wakeful tiger was lulled to slumber by the sheep's charm;
He called his decline Moral Culture.

We are to shun such culture. And though Love is indeed good, it has nothing to do with Mercy. Love is appropriation. It is stealing as opposed to begging, it is the enrichment of the Self. If we seek love in this way, a new type will be born, a champion will come forth from this dust.

Appear, O rider of Destiny!
Appear, O light of the dark realm of Change! . . .

Mankind are the cornfield and thou the harvest,
Thou art the goal of Life's caravan.
The leaves are scattered by Autumn's fury:
Oh, do thou pass over our gardens as the Spring!
Receive from our downcast brows
The homage of little children and of young men and old.
When thou art there, we will lift up our heads,
Content to suffer the burning fire of this world!

As a guide to conduct Nietzsche is at a discount in Europe. The drawback of being a Superman is that your neighbours observe your efforts, and try to be Supermen too, as Germany now realizes. But this is no place to criticize Nietzschean doctrine. The significance of Iqbal is not that he holds it, but that he manages to connect it with the Koran. Two modifications, and only two, have to be made: he condemns the Nietzsche who is an aristocrat, and an atheist; his Superman is permitted to spring from any class of society, and is obliged to believe in God. No further difficulty occurs. There is a text in the Koran which says: "Lo, I will appoint a vicegerent upon earth," and another text relating that the vicegerency was offered to Man after Heaven and the Angels refused it. Legalists quote these texts in support of the Khalifate; Iqbal in support of his Superman. It is our duty to imitate the divine attributes, and to pass through Obedience and Self-Control to the vicegerency.

God's vicegerent is as the soul of the universe,
His being is the shadow of the Greatest Name.
He knows the mysteries of part and whole,
He executes the command of Allah in the world.

But likeness to God does not mean union with Him. On the contrary. The Hindus are wrong; so are the Sufis, so even is Iqbal's own master, the great poet Jalaluddin Rumi. The nearer the Superman approaches God the fuller grows his own individuality. The desire to merge, to renounce the Self, is a sign of decay, and the doctrine has been evolved by subject races as an anodyne.

It may be remarked in passing that Iqbal by no means turns the Pantheistic position; he says that the Self ought not to seek union with God, but he is not clear as to whether it might succeed if it did try; the spectre of Hinduism still haunts him. But this again is a side issue. What is so interesting is the connection that he has effected between Nietzsche and the Koran. It is not an arbitrary or fantastic connection; make Nietzsche believe in God, and a bridge can be thrown. Most Indians, when they turn to the philosophy of the West, do not know what will be useful to them. Iqbal has a surer eye.

In another poem, "The Mysteries of Selflessness," he treats of Islam as an ideal society, a Catholic Church, in which the Believer can lose himself and touch a life greater than his own. How is the Superman to fit in here? It will be interesting to see, and perhaps Mr. Nicholson will give us a translation. But "The Mysteries of Selflessness" is likewise in Persian, and what we really need is a translation of the Urdu poems, for it is on them that the poet's reputation rests. That reputation is unchallenged, although purists at Delhi complain of his provincialisms and party leaders regret that he will not come properly to heel. One thinks of him as a sensitive and shifting personality, in whom is possibly the divine fire, as a nightingale vexed by political watchwords which he cannot ignore because of the realities that lie behind them. Neither India nor Islam is at present a garden, and the voice of Iqbal rings clearer when his conscience is lulled and his own true country—though it be but a mirage—beckons across the arid sands where Moslem and Hindu and Englishman manoeuvre.

My song is of another world than theirs;
This bell calls other travellers to take the road.
How many a poet after his death
Opened our eyes when his own were closed,
And journeyed forth again from nothingness
When roses blossomed o'er the earth of his grave!

E. M. FORSTER.

THE ENIGMATIC GIANT

WHEN LABOUR RULES. By the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Collins. 10s. net.)

MR. THOMAS' book raises again, in a convenient form, what is probably the most important question of the present day. That question is, What is the moral status of mankind? Our opinion of Mr. Thomas' book, leaving entirely on one side mere points of detail, depends wholly on our answer to this previous question. Mr. Thomas is writing as an idealist practical politician, not as a philosopher, that is to say he is not concerned with the task of winning our assent to theorems about the Good, the Beautiful and the True, but he is engaged in expounding practical devices whereby those entities can find more effectual embodiment in the domestic and foreign policy of this country. In domestic policy these devices aim directly at securing better health, better housing, better education, more freedom and more leisure for the great bulk of the people. Foreign policy includes granting "self-determination" to sufficiently advanced peoples, the cessation of the exploitation of subject peoples and a drastic revision of the Versailles Peace Treaty. It is a programme to which we find it easy to grant our allegiance, and that not only because Mr. Thomas has written a persuasive chapter showing that the middle class will be a good deal better off under a Labour Government than it is now. It is a good programme, but when we have read it our difficulties begin: Whose views does this programme represent? We know perfectly well whose views it does not represent. We know that the people who approve of General Dyer, the Black-and-Tans, the English policy in Russia and Mesopotamia, do not approve of Mr. Thomas' programme. We know that the people who disapprove of Dr. Bridges' note to the German Intellectuals do not approve of Mr. Thomas' programme. We know that the House of Lords, the House of Commons and Mr. Bottomley do not approve of it. We strongly suspect that the Church does not approve of it. Then who does approve of it? We turn to Mr. Thomas' preface and we find: "These views are my own; I am not professing to speak for the Labour Party or for anyone whatever beyond myself." If we are to take this literally, then we think the book is very dear at ten shillings net. If it comes to day-dreaming, we can invent an even more roseate England than Mr. Thomas' in five minutes. What Mr. Thomas means is obvious enough. He means that, practical details apart, these ideals are the ideals of what is called Labour or, more precisely, of the six and a half million trade unionists in this country.

There are few things we are more eager to believe. But what evidence have we? We are to believe that Labour broods over the wrongs of the African negro, that it is concerned about the sufferings of the Germans, that it is thirsting for Art and Science. It is to use its enormous power to rectify injustice all over the earth. We cannot refrain from asking, When is it going to begin? The public life of England is now at a lower moral level than it has ever been within living memory; Labour is more powerful than it has ever been within living memory. The two facts seen to co-exist in complete harmony. Labour acts, it is true; it is resolute, courageous, persistent—in striking for more money. Its acts may be completely justified, but they seem also completely irrelevant to what Mr. Thomas considers its ideals. Even if we turn from its acts to its "resolutions," we have but little more ground for faith. They are not more sonorous than those of the Liberal Party or of any other political party, and we have no evidence that they are not equally full of sound and fury and possess the same degree of significance.

But if we doubt whether Mr. Thomas speaks for Labour, for whom does he speak? We are tempted to say that he speaks for a very small and very scattered band of idealists. These people are to be found chiefly, we think, in the middle class; there are, perhaps, a number of them in the Labour Party; there may be a few in the aristocracy. Because they are usually intelligent and enthusiastic, they make a noise out of all proportion to their size, and, even so, it is, in the thunder of the daily press, a barely perceptible squeak. Taken by themselves, they have, of course, no power whatever. But they seem to have been the first, with the possible exception of Mr. Bottomley, to hit on the idea of saying that they spoke for those inarticulate six and a half millions of trade unionists. It is difficult to contradict them, *ex hypothesi*, and in that lies their strength. The interpreter of a dumb giant is in an unassailable position, as long as the giant is dumb. But if the giant persistently refuses to do anything that bears out this interpretation of him, and if his few hoarse mutters, when we strain to catch them, seem equally consistent with other, quite different interpretations, we do not take quite the same delight in contemplating his undoubtedly magnificent muscles. He swings a tremendous bludgeon, but what is he fighting for?

J. W. N. S.

HORACE IN ENGLISH

ICARIAN FLIGHTS: TRANSLATIONS OF SOME OF THE ODES OF HORACE. By Francis Coutts and Walter Herries Pollock. (Lane. 6s. 6d. net.)

THE ODES OF HORACE TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE. By Lionel Lancelot Shadwell. With the Latin Text. (Oxford, Blackwell. 7s. 6d. net.)

ENGLISH VERSE TRANSLATIONS OF SELECTIONS FROM THE ODES OF HORACE, THE EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL, AND OTHER WRITERS. By Hubert Dynes Ellis. (The Author, 7, Roland Gardens, S.W.7. 5s. net.)

THE careful, close-wrought felicity of Horace has defied a hundred translators, and will defy a hundred more. In the first place there is the handicap of the English language, which has in most hands neither the monumental quality nor the brevity of Latin. The sonorous polysyllables of the Latin place-name are often not amenable to English metre, or sufficiently naturalized to appear English at all—and this in spite of the eighteenth century, which did its best to turn poetry into a collection of Latinisms. With Horace the close-packed brevity is more remarkable than in any other Latin author. He flows on easily for a line or two, and then we come on an exquisite jigsaw puzzle in which all the parts are fitted with consummate skill, and we wonder that so many points and contrasts can be got into a short sentence or two. Landor, himself a master of the lyric, felt this, and in his freakish way makes Petrarch doubt Horace's choice of words, and affirm "his infelicity in his transpositions of them, in which certainly he is more remarkable than whatsoever writer of antiquity."

Horace is up to date in the underlying tone of irony which tinges his serious reflections as well as his lighter moods, and leads solid German professors to strange conclusions. How far does he mean us to take him seriously? How much did he believe? How can we render in an alien language his ironic colour, when the words he used have acquired quite another connotation? "Virtus" in Horace is "manliness," including valour in battle, and firmness in meeting the blows of destiny. "Virtue" in English is much more restricted in meaning. Besides the light Horace, the pleasant fellow full of worldly wisdom, there is the Horace who in a single line described, according to Ruskin, a gentleman better than anybody, and who was one of the best poets that patriotism has produced. This side of Horace has of late been depreciated

by serious critics who apparently have never laughed or flirted; but who can doubt that the fine patriotic Odes are genuine? The translator has to realize both moods, and look out for quick turns from the one to the other.

No one now attempts to render Horace's lyrics in their actual metres. The use of rhyme is universal among translators, and rhymes in English have often to be sought with difficulty. One has to dance in fetters, and even so not be sure that one can get them.

The best solution of the difficulty is not to attempt a strict translation at all, but a paraphrase which, keeping all the Horatian ideas, finds room to develop them. Mr. Coutts has adopted this method for one of his best efforts. Dryden has left us a fine paraphrase of the Ode on Fortune (III. 29). It was the particular admiration of Thackeray, who loved and quoted Horace endlessly. Dryden's

He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day,

and

Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm,
are among the memorable lines in the English language. The same compliment cannot be paid to any translator of Horace of to-day or yesterday. Still, we freely recognize that the best renderings of to-day show more grace and aptitude for the business than Francis, Gladstone, or other admired performers of the past. Lighting here and there, like Horace's *Matine bee*, we find this passage well done, and that rhyme happy, and then, going on, we are disappointed. Mr. Pollock pleases us well in one or two Odes; his taste in words is excellent, and his rhymes are better than we had hoped. His colleague is more readily fluent, we should say, but allows himself a liberty of enlargement which gives little idea of Horace's epigrammatic charm. At the beginning of "*Quis multa gracilis . . . ?*" he fills out six words the reader will remember to

For whom with careful carelessness is swathed
Thy yellow hair beneath the fillet's knot?

"Grot" and "bathed" are the line-endings which need rhymes. Proceeding, we find the sequence of the Ode inverted, and Horace's points dispersed. But it is only fair to say that this Ode is one of the most difficult in its conciseness. Mr. Shadwell begins the Ode thus:

Pyrrha, what stripling slim, in use
Of perfumed essences profuse,
Wooes thee on roses laid
In some cool grotto's shade?

Say for whose eye thou hast designed
That knot thy auburn hair to bind
And curb each errant tress,
Thy neat but simple dress.

The fact is that no translator has a consistent method; the Odes are too difficult for that.

When we were beginning to think Mr. Coutts elegant, but too flowery, we came on his version of the Ode paraphrased by Dryden, and found it neat and ample, without undue excesses. Here, we think, he was happily inspired by Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*."

Mr. Shadwell is nearer the text than most translators, but he allows himself too many inversions. His is a scholar's version, a little austere for the reader. It stands well the trial of the facing Latin; he has not forgotten, for instance, to render "*Lacedæmonium Tarentum*" in the last line of the *Regulus* Ode, but it does not read so well as some freer versions.

In the few Odes that he has translated Mr. Ellis is distinctly happy. They are mostly of the lighter order, and we should like to see him venture further. He knows his English poets, and has a taste for epigram, as is further shown by his translations from Martial and his modern trifling in Latin verse. Without any special knowledge on the point, we should guess that he had been trained in the Etonian school of elegance.

V. R.

WILDE'S ART TEACHING

ART AND DECORATION. By Oscar Wilde. (Methuen, 6s. 6d. net.)

THIS book, we understand, completes the edition, in fifteen volumes, of the chief works of Oscar Wilde, published by Messrs. Methuen. With this material in hand public opinion may be expected, within the next twenty years or so, to fix approximately Wilde's definitive place in literature; for there is nothing recondite in his work; its qualities and defects are on or very near the surface, and might have been coolly estimated long since but for the contingent circumstances.

The final judgment cannot, we suppose, be very favourable. The defects of his work are glaring and devastating; if, like the errors of logic, good sense and good taste of a brilliant young orator in a debating society, they escape to some extent immediate recognition, it is because the spirit of contradiction and the spirit of partisanship which animate him have infected his supporters and opponents. Wilde is unsparing in his use of the devices that win the ear of the debating society, or of any collection of human beings in a self-important frame of mind. The assumption of superiority, of infallibility, the cool insolence, the rather coarse emphasis and occasional pathos, the telling gestures, the hurried progress from effect to effect and the skill with which the lack of real transition is masked—this rhetoric carries us away to the point of overlooking its intellectual poverty, its emotional banality.

On reflection, the purpose of these utterances appears to be chiefly destructive; and in so far as it is attained, the result is more dazzling than effective. Wilde repeatedly scores off the object of his hatred, with a flick at its weaknesses and follies; its strength he neither understands nor touches. The object of his hatred was not venerable, but it was very strong; it was that vast composite mass of stupidity and wisdom, virtue and iniquity, shamelessness and respectability, which one may name Custom—the most dangerous of enemies, knowing neither justice nor mercy.

The longer we look for the constructive side of Wilde's teaching, the more its essentials resolve themselves into negative elements. His central doctrine, that art is independent of morality, is either a monstrosity or something very like a platitude, according to the meaning attached to "independent." That art may follow its destiny independently of moral purpose is a self-evident truth of which a Philistine public may need to be reminded from time to time; but the enunciator of this axiom is not justified in assuming an inspired air; if, on the other hand, it is meant that art has no relation to ethical values, the very driving-force of emotion, then art is reduced to a refined cult practised by persons of narrow sympathies and only specialized sensitiveness. Such a cult exists no doubt, but the greater artists are not among its faithful.

Wilde's attitude seems on the whole to favour this cult; but it is not consistent throughout ("I have always been of the opinion that consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative"). He builds perhaps chiefly on the principle of contradiction; his art-doctrine depends for its existence on other art-doctrines, as being their negation. His originality appears rather in isolated phrases of the utmost exquisite polish; frequently in such as embody his fine sense of the ridiculous in frosty glittering paradox, more rarely in those that reveal a mind susceptible to lovely suggestions from the visible world.

But if he was inconsistent in his teaching it was not through flippancy; it is rather his seriousness that prevents him from being a delightful writer. A man may take some things seriously without offence—if, for instance, he can prove that they are worth it. But Wilde took himself seriously, and himself only, in a universe that clearly afforded him many opportunities of a wiser choice.

F. W. S.

THE REAL WAR

POEMS. By Wilfred Owen. With an Introduction by Siegfried Sassoon. (Chatto & Windus. 6s. net.)

MR. SASSOON, on principle, affords the reader no impressions nor records of the personality of the remarkable poet Wilfred Owen. This silence, to us, is in every way justifiable. The poems themselves enable us to realize Owen as fully and as gladly as though we had served alongside him in the line: he was that anomaly, so inexplicable to the patriots at home, the fighting man of resolution and ability who loathed the war in theory and practice. In fact, Owen was one of the few spokesmen of the ordinary fighting man. There was up to a point a certain pride in the privations and crises of active war; nor was Owen devoid of it: there were personal obligations, as from officer to man and man to officer, which together with that pride held the line. But there could scarcely have been one mind in a hundred thousand that did not rebel. It is probable that the rebellion latent in this way would have flamed into an actual deliberate movement but for the voice which whispered, "You can't—the battalion depends on you," or perhaps, "Nerves—will you give way?" And so the war went on, and, bad as it was in the first stages, went from bad to worse. 1917 heard for the first time the articulate voice of rebellion; it was high time. And still somehow the voice of personal affection and responsibility made itself better heard. Thus Wilfred Owen could write in 1918: "I came out again in order to help these boys; directly, by leading them as well as an officer can; indirectly, by watching their sufferings that I may speak of them as well as a pleader can." In reading the twenty-three poems now collected it is almost impossible to conceive of any other point of view. The vehemence and the agony which they manifest are, and compel, conviction. None but the most sincere philosophy could express itself so. There is no other philosophy in modern war, with its monstrous attacks doomed to failure nine times out of ten, its brutalizing standstills with slow mental and sudden physical butcheries. Owen's "Apologia" is the most satisfying and the truest proportioned analysis of the man in the trenches, and why he endured as he did, yet written. "The Show" gives the whole war, the protozoic obscenity:

... On dithering feet upgathered, more and more,
Brown strings towards strings of gray, with bristling spines,
All migrants from green fields, intent on mire.
Those that were gray, of more abundant spawns,
Ramped on the rest and ate them and were eaten.

This is the whole matter. There was nothing more to it.

Or perhaps there was, but it was by way of subservient and corroborative detail; and so Wilfred Owen, having summed the war as it was and as its victims regarded it, proceeds in poems like "The Sentry" and "Exposure" to give, as it were, chapter and verse. Except for Mr. Sassoon, no poet has so utterly grasped the terror of particular moments, although Owen has left but a few poems of this kind. He is first and foremost the witness of the war's effect on the spirit of man. In "Strange Meeting" he is at his greatest: he thinks of the time when the reality of war will again be ignored; when

Men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.

Can it be that the time is here already?

In Owen we lost a poet of rare force. We have hinted at the spirit of his verse; the letter is as masterly. The very make of his language is hard and remorseless or strange and sombre as he wills; the discovery of final assonances in place of rhyme may mark a new age in poetry. E. B.

THE PROBLEM OF EDWIN DROOD

THE MURDER OF EDWIN DROOD. By Percy T. Carden. (Palmer. 6s. net.)

THE problem of Edwin Drood, as it has been dealt with by the ingenious gentlemen who have devoted their attention to it, falls into two parts, (1) Was Edwin Drood murdered? (2) Who was Datchery? The two parts are not entirely distinct, for those who think that Edwin Drood was not murdered often succumb to the temptation to make him Datchery. To one who reads "Edwin Drood" before reading the theories on it, the idea that Drood was not murdered must seem utterly fantastic. The internal evidence that Jasper murdered Drood is simply overwhelming; one must possess and exercise a literary instinct in these matters. The atmosphere of the book is that of a murder-story; the crypt, the lime, the behaviour of Jasper after Edwin's disappearance, are all out of proportion if no murder took place. The revival of a half-strangled victim suggests nothing but a futile trick, improbable in fact, and impossible artistically. It is also quite evident that the ring, escaping the decomposition of the lime-covered body, is to reveal the murder. The actual words used by Dickens about the ring can have no other significance: they are conclusive. The whole business about the ring, including the conversation with the jeweller about the watch and tie-pin, inevitably suggests a body destroyed by lime. The idea, also, is of the kind that one would look for in Dickens. When to this internal evidence we add the direct testimony of Forster, repeating what Dickens had himself told him, and confirming explicitly every one of these deductions from the internal evidence, it is very difficult to see why anyone should think another solution necessary.

Mr. Carden emphatically adopts the obvious solution that Drood was murdered. His original contribution to this part of the problem concerns the route by which Jasper could have moved the lime, and is based upon careful maps and surveys of the scene of the crime. He also gives reason to suppose that the year of the story was 1842.

As regards the second part of the problem, he adopts the solution that Datchery was Tartar. The chief hindrance to this solution is the chronological difficulty, and Mr. Carden does a good deal to diminish this. If we regard this difficulty as disposed of, it follows that Dickens was guilty of an artistic blunder in introducing Datchery at that part of the story. We know, from Forster, that he feared he had introduced Datchery too early; but the point here is somewhat different. Dickens was fearful that he was anticipating the final catastrophe too early; the difficulty here is, however, that if Datchery is Tartar, the development of the story is inartistic. We do not think it impossible that an excess of cunning may have led Dickens to commit such a blunder. But if Datchery must be assumed to be an already known character, then we think that, on the whole, Tartar is the most plausible identification.

Mr. Carden also gives us a condensed continuation of the story which has some ingenious, but not very convincing touches. Helena, for instance, is made to dress up as Drood and await Jasper in the tomb; this incident, of course, is invented to fit the famous and enigmatic cover picture. Mr. Carden's version has it that Jasper strangles Helena (she recovers), is chased by a number of people, including Neville, hurls Neville off the tower, and is finally overpowered. It is a good blood-and-thunder end, and we are afraid that Dickens was just capable of it, but it leaves totally unexplained Dickens' own remarks on what the "originality" of his story was to consist in.

MR. BALFOUR

MR. BALFOUR: A BIOGRAPHY. By E. T. Raymond. (Collins. 12s. 6d. net.)

ESSAYS SPECULATIVE AND POLITICAL. By the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.)

WIT, irony, detachment—these a writer must have if he is to “do” Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Raymond has them. Why then does he leave us unsatisfied? At bottom, we think, because he does not bring the philosopher and the politician into any real relation. He sees, he even insists, that Mr. Balfour is a sphinx, and he sketches the surprising problem. Indolent and fastidious, yet tough as steel in political strife; cynical, yet capable of enthusiasm, and not without a deep sense of responsibility; an aristocrat of dominating intellect and all-embracing culture who yet would ever buttress the prejudices of the mob: such, we agree, is Mr. Balfour. But Mr. Raymond does not help us to see how this can be. That a lazy man of refinement and wealth should, partly from a sense of duty and partly for the fun of power, devote the best of his life to the task of keeping the Tory party together is perhaps not incomprehensible. It is more difficult to understand how the same man, while burdened with office, can produce works of speculation which show him to have strong, if largely negative, convictions about the universe, to be more genuinely conversant with biology and physics than most professional philosophers, and, as a master of English, to surpass every British philosopher since Hume.

The clue is carefully hidden, but it will be found, if anywhere, in those speculative writings, of which Mr. Raymond discusses only—and that too briefly—“A Defence of Philosophic Doubt” and “The Foundations of Belief,” leaving the Gifford Lectures (“Theism and Humanism”) unmentioned. Mr. Balfour wrote these three books to defend, with every artifice of debate, “the creed of the mother who prays for the safety of her child.” The weapons—they are the resources of modern science and philosophy so far as a gifted amateur can assimilate them—are not those in use in the House of Commons, but the method is the same. And we believe the underlying motive to be the same. There is a passage in Mr. Balfour’s Essay on Beauty (now reprinted with nine other occasional pieces) which may perhaps suggest the nature of that motive.

“Let us be content,” says Mr. Balfour, “since we can do no better, that our admirations should be even as our loves.” His point is that, in the appreciation of art, we should acquiesce in our inability, since beauty is in no sense objective, to get behind “I like this and don’t like that.” As in morals so in æsthetics, the arguments for scepticism are irrefutable, and, since all is on the same footing, what conclusion follows but that all is well? So far the argument is the same as that of the speculative books, where his main object was to show that science and common sense had not a leg to stand on, and that, in the interests of reason itself, it is more reasonable to believe in a divinely guided world than in one in which there is no warrant for holding, about anything, one opinion rather than another. But now he proceeds to an important amplification. For his part he could not be content with pure scepticism about beauty or goodness; but then he has something which, as it is put here, sounds like a peculiar personal privilege: he adds to that point of view a “mystical reference to first and final causes.” This admission that for him personally the strictly critical view requires (and apparently has obtained) a “mystical supplement” is the crux of the whole matter.

Mr. Balfour may be a Victorian in the decadent stage, but he is Victorian enough to have that sort of solidity that prevents the individual from splitting up. Therefore,

if mysticism be indeed the centre of his philosophy, we may assume that his other activities will be found to radiate from the same point. If he is a mystic at heart, the reproach of flippancy commonly made against him will fail, and we shall be free to enjoy without reservations the cool intelligence and polished wit that have laughed so many inconvenient fallacies out of court. Rightly understood, he will even become a figure tragic in greatness and failure. On the other hand, it is possible that the mysticism is a mare’s nest, that the shrine is empty or contains a mummy. In that case the more charitable judgment will be that which, like Mr. Raymond’s, confines itself to amused wonder at the wealth of ingenuity spent, whether in statecraft or in speculation, on laying foundations without superstructures and erecting façades without interiors. Whether the process involves a measure of disingenuousness will be an inquiry for the more severe; and in any case the instinct will be justified by which the majority of his countrymen have recoiled from one who, as if with deliberate perversity, has used an intelligence of the highest order, not to correct but to support the beliefs of the average man.

We cannot decide between these alternatives. But there is one fact about the mysticism that makes us uneasy: it seems private in the wrong way. If Mr. Balfour merely said, “I have my own store of the bread of life,” no one could complain. But he adds with exquisite (if prolix) grace, “To you, intellectual or man in the street, I can only offer a stone. Let us be content.” Perhaps that is merely the reticence of the gentleman about his deepest feelings. Such, however, seem to be the lines on which the problem must be explored, if Mr. Balfour is to cease to appear as he appears to the world, and as he is depicted in Mr. Raymond’s pages—that is to say in two dimensions, decoratively flat, and not essentially different from the wavy figure produced *ad infinitum* in Mr. Max Beerbohm’s cartoon. Whatever detail is touched in with whatever dexterity—and Mr. Raymond’s brush-work is admirable—the elusive creature will refuse to be seen in the round until his philosophy has been tracked to its psychological source.

S. W.

ORIGINAL SINNERS. By H. W. Nevins. (Christophers. 6s. net.)—These short stories read like the work of a nervous, sensitive man whose chief object in writing them is to convey to others his own indignation at the coarse brutality of life. The stories succeed in doing this, in a measure. The indignation has a tinge of hysteria, the humour is strained, and the stories have but little artistic merit. For these reasons they are not likely to impress the reader permanently. Mr. Nevins is obviously less interested in his stories than in their moral, but our interest in a moral can only be a consequence of our interest in the story. If the story itself does not move us neither will its moral.

Mr. Nevins has two stories of the Roman Empire; in each of them the attempt to be powerful is not successful; the march of these stories is not so much predestined as mechanical. Even more rigid and obvious is the treatment of “Sitting at a Play,” where a politician in the audience sees his own life portrayed on the stage. The one story which seems to us to have more than average merit is “The Act of Fear,” where a situation, again rather obvious, is made interesting by the quaintly pedantic conversation of one of the two men concerned.

In his Preface Mr. Nevins hopes that these stories may also show that man, from his pit of darkness, yet sometimes glimpses lights promising some happier issue. Frankly, we have not found them do anything of the kind. It has to be a great short story which makes us draw any conclusions about “man.”

THE WEBB CONSTITUTION

A CONSTITUTION FOR THE SOCIALIST COMMONWEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

JEREMY BENTHAM, when he published his "codification proposal" and offered his services to "any nation in search of a legislator," might reasonably have refused to believe that, after the lapse of a whole century, an international committee would still be collecting model constitutions for the guidance of an even sadder, and perhaps no wiser Europe. And yet Bentham was no idealist, and all that was wrong with his pseudo-science was that its premises were hypothetical, one of them false. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, for all that they eschew the abstract and the universal, are really bolder than he. Their vision of society is inspired by an almost paradoxical optimism, and this "Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain" testifies to an all but boundless faith in democracy and the beneficent possibilities of representative government.

Those who share the faith will certainly find here the substance of things hoped for—as witness the bare outline of the scheme itself. The crown, in the Socialist Commonwealth, will be retained; the House of Lords abolished; and the parliament cut in two—"two co-ordinate national assemblies, not, of course, without mutual relations, but co-equal and independent, and neither of them first or last." To the one will belong political dominion and criminal law; to the other, economic and social administration. Finance also will fall within the sphere of the social parliament, which will thus be required to scrutinize the demands of the first. On the other hand, what we may call demarcation disputes between the two bodies will be settled by the Ministry of Justice, which will report to the political authority. Control of the nation's economic resources will, of course, be vested in the social parliament; and the nationalized industries, organized vocationally, will be administered by a series of joint boards comprising consumers, producers, and the State. In practice, the bulk of the work in every sphere will be done in committee; and the committee-men will earn every penny of their salaries. The authors anticipate a steady increase in the business of practically all the departments, social or political—an increase which the abandonment of armaments would alter in kind, but would not check; and government being *ex hypothesi* a good thing, we naturally welcome the assurance that there will be plenty of it.

It may, perhaps, be objected that while the defects of the scheme are fundamental—in regard, for instance, to the co-ordination of the two parliaments, to the connection of international policy with the domestic situation, and to the relation of the social authority to the industry it is to control—the safeguards provided are in the nature of mere adjustments to the working of the machine that do not reach the heart of the matter. Such questions we leave to the experts. But to one irreverent question, can we but bring ourselves to frame it, we are tempted to hazard a reply. In short: assuming the efficiency of the entire scheme, whence this inveterately drab and depressing quality that dogs the whole affair? How is it that not a hint of joy or enthusiasm seems able to approach the confines of the Socialist Commonwealth? Is it because constitution-making is the affair of the lawyers and the economists, who are not concerned with such things? Or is it that the psychological basis of the scheme is somehow wholly inadequate?

The constitution before us rests explicitly on four distinct foundations; namely, man as producer, as consumer, as organized for defence at home and abroad, and as constructing a certain predetermined social environment. That is, for the purpose of the Socialist Common-

wealth, "man's fourfold state." We suggest that while it is a useful analysis, as a synthesis it will not do. To reduce a society to such elements as a preliminary to reconstructing it is not a sound procedure. The very savour of humanity is lost in the process. Society may not be an organism, but neither is it a machine. It may not "grow," but neither is it put together. Such an operation as this book proposes might be of service to a critical diagnosis; in effect it would amount not to a social renaissance, but to a post-mortem. O.

IRISH ECONOMICS

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND. By D. A. Chart. (Dublin, Talbot Press. 5s. net.)

MR. CHART is a pioneer, and deserves the extra credit always due to pioneers. The task of writing an economic history of Ireland cannot, however, be a very difficult one. There are certain barriers which limit research. Not the most patient seeker can tell us anything more of the economic life of the country up till about 1600 than that it was tribal and pastoral, that oats formed practically the sole crop, and that then as now "stores" or lean cattle were exported to England to be there fattened—information which we can find in the most elementary political history-book. After the opening of the seventeenth century the interest thickens. Ireland is taking tentative steps toward partial industrialism. She is beginning to be a large exporter of friezes and linen cloth, and is developing the manufacture of finer serges. Then comes the jealousy of English weavers, the iniquitous stifling of the woollen industry. Thenceforward for many a long year the history of her trade and commerce is marked, as if by milestones, by enactments repressive or palliative, according as the Englishman's purse or his conscience pricked harder. Linen takes the place of wool, and there spring up a limited number of industrial enterprises, brewing, distilling, shipbuilding, carried on upon so great a scale that they rely on a foreign market.

But amid wars and oppression and misunderstanding one event which must have seemed unimportant enough at the time exercised an influence greater than that of any soldier or statesman. The introduction of the potato changed Ireland. It encouraged the growth of the excessive population of 1840, and then failed, striking Ireland a harder blow than Cromwell had dealt it.

Since the Union economic life has been strangely independent of politics. Mr. Chart is able to give a clear and concise sketch of the progress of the nineteenth century almost without touching them, except, of course, to deal with the Land League and the Land Acts. And at the present moment, when the country is an armed camp, when political murder follows political murder with almost monotonous similarity, economic life is flourishing, and every one of the great Irish industries is reaping large profits.

But from an economic point of view there is no doubt that Ireland is still at the starting-point of her career. Industrialism in the towns is spreading. New problems of Labour will emerge as it progresses. Mr. Chart has preserved such an admirable detachment that we will only say here that it seems to us inevitable that these problems will have to be worked out by North and South, each on its own lines. One hears complaints from the Labour Party in England that the workers in Ireland have been artificially kept apart by the fomenting of racial and sectarian strife. They may have been. But it will not be in this generation that we shall see the riveter from Messrs. Harland & Wolff's combining forces with the bacon-curer from Messrs. Denny's. And it is by no means certain that separate treatment will not actually produce better results.

C. F.

FAMILY PORTRAITS

IN CHANCERY. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 9s. net.)
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. By Edith Wharton. (Appleton. 8s. 6d. net.)

IN his latest novel, which is a continuation of the Forsyte Saga, Mr. John Galsworthy gives the impression of being in his real right element. There is a peculiar note, a mixture of confidence and hospitality, struck in the first chapter, which seems to come from the happy author warming himself at a familiar hearth. Here, in the very bosom of the Forsyte family, if any man is at home, he is that man. Its ramifications have no terrors for him; on the contrary, the quick, searching, backward glance he takes before setting out upon this book is yet long enough to be a kind of basking which extends to the cousin furthest removed.

A swollen flood of novels has flowed under the bridge since the days of our enthusiasm for "The Man of Property"—that large family piece, admirably composed, closely packed, and firmly related to a background which was never decoration only. "In Chancery" is less solid as a whole—the shell-pink azaleas escape the control of Soames' conservatory and flower a trifle too freely, as they are also a trifle too shell-pink; the tone is softer. It is not because the author is regarding his subject from another angle, but because all that remains of the deep vein of irony in "The Man of Property" is a faint ironic tinge. In "The Man of Property" what the author made us feel the Forsyte family lacked was imagination; in this new novel we feel it still, but we are not at all certain the author intends us to. He has, as it were, exchanged one prize for another—in gaining the walls he has lost his vision of the fortress. It is a very great gift for an author to be able to project himself into the hearts and minds of his characters—but more is needed to make a great creative artist; he must be able, with equal power, to withdraw, to survey what is happening—and from an eminence. But Mr. Galsworthy is so deeply engaged, immersed and engrossed in the Forsyte family that he loses this freedom. He can see Soames and James and the two Bayswater Road ancients with intense vividness; he can tell us all about them—but not all there is to know. Why is this? Is it not because, *au fond*, he distrusts his creative energy? There is no question of a real combat between it and his mind; his mind is master. Hence we have a brilliant display of analysis and dissection, but without any "mystery," any unplumbed depth to feed our imagination upon. The Forsyte men are so completely life-size, so bound within the crowns of their hats and the soles of their shoes, that they are almost something less than men. We do not doubt for a moment that it has been the aim of the author to appeal to the imagination; but so strong is the imposition of his mind that the appeal stops short at the senses. Take, for example, the character of old James Forsyte. Is it not amazing how he comes before us so that we see him, hear him, smell him, know his ways, his tricks, his habits as if he were our grandfather? Yet when we think of him—is it as standing at the window of his house watching the funeral of the old Queen, watching his own funeral and the funeral of his time—or as having his few last hairs stroked by Emily with a pair of silver brushes? These events should be of equal importance, at least; but they are not; the hair-brushing is easily first; and the author dwells on it with loving persistence until he almost succeeds in turning James into a lean, nervous, old, old dog. Or take the occasion when young Val Dartie came face to face with his father, drunk, in the promenade of a music-hall. Before going out that evening he had asked his mother if he might have two plover's eggs when he came in. And when he does return, shocked, wretched, disenchanted with life, we find our concern for him over-

shadowed by those two plover's eggs laid out so temptingly with the cut bread and butter and "just enough whisky in the decanter," and left to languish on the dining-room table. But perhaps these instances are too simple to illustrate our meaning. Let us examine for a moment the figure of Soames Forsyte, who is the hero of "In Chancery." His desire to have a son makes him decide to divorce the faithless Irene and thus free himself to marry a healthy young Frenchwoman, the daughter of a restaurant keeper. Now Soames, the passionate, suppressed human animal desiring Irene still because she is unattainable, but satisfying himself with the French girl at the last, is as solid, as substantial as a mind could make him, but he is never real. He is flesh and blood with a strong dash of clay—long before he is a tormented man; and flesh and blood and clay he remains after the torment is on him. But there never comes that moment when the character is more than himself, so that we feel at the end that what should have happened to him never has happened. He is an appearance only—a lifelike image.

But when we have said that "In Chancery" is not a great novel, we would assure our readers that it is a fascinating, brilliant book.

In "The Age of Innocence," a novel of the early seventies in New York, we receive the same impression that here is the element in which the author delights to breathe. The time and the scene together suit Mrs. Wharton's talent to a nicety. To evoke the seventies is to evoke irony and romance at once, and to keep these two balanced by all manner of delicate adjustments is so much a matter for her skilful hand that it seems more like play than work. Like Mr. Galsworthy's novel it is a family piece, but in "The Age of Innocence" the family comprises the whole of New York society. This remote, exclusive small world in itself is disturbed one day by the return of one of its prodigal daughters who begs to be taken back as though nothing had happened. What has happened is never quite clear, but it includes a fabulously rich villain of a Polish Count who is her husband and his secretary, who, rumour whispers, was all too ready to aid her escape. But the real problem which the family has to face is that Ellen Olenska has become that most mysterious creature—a European. She is dangerous, fascinating, foreign; Europe clings to her like a troubling perfume; her very fan beats "Venice! Venice!" every diamond is a drop of Paris. Dare they accept her? The question is answered by a dignified compromise, and Ellen's farewell dinner-party before she leaves for Paris is as distinguished as she or the family could wish. These are what one might call the outer leaves of the story. Part them, and there is within another flower, warmer, deeper, and more delicate. It is the love-story of Newland Archer, a young man who belongs deeply to the family tradition, and yet at the same time finds himself wishing to rebel. The charm of Ellen is his temptation, and hard indeed he finds it not to yield. But that very quality in her which so allures him—what one might call her highly civilized appreciation of the exquisite difficulty of their position—saves them from themselves. Not a feather of dignity is ruffled; their parting is positively stately.

But what about us? What about her readers? Does Mrs. Wharton expect us to grow warm in a gallery where the temperature is so sparkingly cool? We are looking at portraits—are we not? These are human beings, arranged for exhibition purposes, framed, glazed and hung in the perfect light. They pale, they grow paler, they flush, they raise their "clearest eyes," they hold out their arms to each other, "extended, but not rigid," and the voice is the voice of the portrait:

"'What's the use—when you will go back?' he broke out, a great hopeless *How on earth can I keep you?* crying out to her beneath his words."

Is it—in this world—vulgar to ask for more? To ask that the feeling shall be greater than the cause that excites it, to beg to be allowed to share the moment of exposition (is not that the very moment that all our writing leads to?), to treat a little wildness, a dark place or two in the soul?

We appreciate fully Mrs. Wharton's skill and delicate workmanship; she has the situation in hand from the first page to the last; we realize how savage must sound our cry of protest, and yet we cannot help but make it; that after all we are not above suspicion—even the "finest" of us!

K. M.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

EXPERIENCES OF A DUG-OUT. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell. (Constable. 18s. net.)—The author, who held the important position of Director of Military Operations during the early part of the war, has here given us his reminiscences and criticisms of various war-time celebrities as well as his opinions about the general conduct of the war. The demand for this kind of thing certainly appears to be insatiable, so that it is gratifying to observe that the supply seems inexhaustible. In the present book we found the most interesting chapters to be those on Lord Kitchener and on the Munitions question. Kitchener appears as a perfectly credible human being; he is neither the strong, silent man of popular fiction nor a mere lath-and-plaster figure. He appears as a pretty competent man, rather autocratic, rather fussy, and not quite up-to-date in some of his military ideas. The author has considerable admiration for him, and expounds the, to us, rather strange theory that if Kitchener had lived to execute his Russian mission he would have prevented the Russian revolution taking place, at least till after the war.

The chapter on Munitions is an effective exposure of Mr. Lloyd George's claims to have played any considerable part in solving that question, and is, incidentally, a rehabilitation of the War Office. The author is distinctly readable, although his humour is rather too elementary.

THE PAGEANT OF ENGLAND. By J. R. Raynes. (Swarthmore Press. 12s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Raynes is, or has been, a provincial journalist, and the best pages in the book are those in which he tells his own story. The defection of the local M.P. from one party to another, announced at a schoolroom meeting, and telegraphed to thirty newspapers, is given a dramatic touch by the author's pen. Also, there are artless but not uninteresting accounts of riots, meetings of Boards of Guardians and a battle between police and poachers. As the narrator remarks, a reporter's experiences are "exceedingly varied," and many of them may be worth putting on permanent record. One could wish that Mr. Raynes had written an autobiography, but instead he has been lured by a grandiloquent title into writing a sketch of English history during the last twenty years. For this task he has no clear qualification. Much of his book is no more than a synopsis of a score of volumes of the "Annual Register," annotated by an observer who cannot restrain his tendency to moralize. The author's style is simple, and his intentions are admirable, but he lacks the wit that alone can make endurable a political rehash. He has nothing new to tell us of the great events of our time, and he sheds no fresh light on the great world. Of the smaller world which he really knows he has only been willing to tell a few odd tales: another good book has been lost.

OLD AND NEW: SUNDRY PAPERS. By C. H. Grandgent, L.H.D. (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press; London, Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)—The author is Professor of Romance Languages at Harvard University. His allegiance to the old appears to be less critical than professorial, and his dislike of the new is, one suspects, a consequence of his allegiance to the old. Against every-

thing contemporary he easily generates animosity so intense that it strikes one as bizarre. For instance, in a diatribe against a class whom he calls vaguely "the revolvers" he says: "Marriage, of course, is doomed. So is work," and he continues in that strain for twenty-four pages. Our age may be deserving of condemnation, but not in these terms. On the pronunciation of English as she is spoke in America, Professor Grandgent is popular and amusing, though we think he is mistaken in asserting that the Scotch say "prahtical." In an address upon "The Dark Ages" he compares once more the past with the present, awarding the palm to the former. That may or may not be just, but the author injures his own side by being obviously unfair to the other. With misunderstanding of this kind it is impossible to argue: "It is easier to make a big stench than a sweet fragrance; and the fouler the odour, the more inclined are the incompetent to sniff rapturously and ejaculate: 'How strong!'" The occasional slanginess of the style is best explained, perhaps, by the fact that the book is a collection of addresses;

THE 51ST DIVISION. War Sketches by Fred. A. Farrell. (Jack. 15s. net.)—Mr. Neil Munro has prefixed an introduction to these sketches, in which he traces the famous career of "Harper's Duds." Well might some chivalrous German send over the message "Good old Fifty-first! Still sticking it!" To see the Division on the march before action, as we have done, was to feel the fiercest pangs of admiration and envy. Everyone knew of the German list of our crack divisions, and everyone's own division was second or third; but the Fifty-first was admittedly at the head. Mr. Farrell was during the closing stages an official artist with the Division. His drawings give the excellent impression of being actual records rather than expressions of art doctrines of one sort or another. In many cases his representations of incidents include actual portraits of those engaged. In treating his drawings as records, we would make one main criticism: he gives us 1919 pictures of places memorable for what had happened two or three years before. Places changed out of all knowledge in two or three weeks. "Information supplied" could have helped him here. With his general view of the battlefield we agree, and cordially. It is fitting that this Division should be the first to inspire the preparation and publication of such a portfolio.

TERRORISM AND COMMUNISM: A CONTRIBUTION TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF REVOLUTION. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by W. H. Kerridge. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)—Herr Kautsky has two objections to terrorism: that it is ineffectual, as he demonstrates in his analysis of the French Revolution; that it is subversive of the moral tradition of Socialism, which for almost a century has been humanitarian. If terrorism was a blunder and a crime at the time of the French Revolution, it is, he says, a hundred times more so to-day in Russia. Having criticized the terrorism of the Russian Revolutionists, he goes on to consider their experiment in Communism. Any change to Communism, he says, must have two phases: there must be an alteration in the basis of proprietorship, and an alteration in organization. The former is comparatively easy; it consists in nothing more than expropriation; but the latter is the most difficult thing in the world and requires the co-operation and goodwill of all the ability in the community. The Bolsheviks have failed in organization, and therefore they have had to impose in its stead forced labour. This is all very true. The assumption, however, that revolutions can be carried out in an orderly manner and according to book shows a lack of imaginative sympathy in the author. He is more concerned to prove that the Russian Revolution would not have been approved by Marx than that it is either evil or good.

MARGINALIA

IT is now two years since the world was made safe for democracy or whatever other name you choose to call that delicious blend of mob rule and irresponsible tyranny now universally current. Never has the old traditional ruling class been less powerful; it has no hand in the mob rule and very little in the tyranny. It subsists, this once all-powerful class, a phantom of its former self. It is still socially distinct from the rest of the population, it still preserves the traditional attitude towards life, evolved by long generations of serene and undisturbed supremacy. But now that it has lost that supremacy we shall soon see the disappearance of the characteristically aristocratic gesture and attitude and the extinction of the class. The aristocrat lives on in our world made safe for democracy like the Red Indian in his reservation. His tenure is hideously insecure. At any moment the surrounding hordes of white colonists—so infinitely colonial!—may tear down the barriers of his little park, sweep in and utterly submerge him. At any moment. He is helpless.

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And yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there has never been a time when the crowd took so much interest in the ruling class, or rather in the shadow which was once that class. What remains of and what passes for the aristocracy is never out of the limelight. Millions of eyes follow the antics of these poor few surviving Redskins with the most attentive curiosity. These two years since the armistice have seen the inauguration and apparently prosperous growth of several new journals devoted wholly or in part to the activities of the aristocratic and the fashionable. The existing journals of the same type appear at the same time to flourish. Two daily newspapers with vast circulations devote a considerable section of their space to pictures and descriptions of our Last of the Mohicans; and week by week, fortnight by fortnight, some eight or ten stout and prosperous periodicals are busily engaged in carrying on this searching anthropological study of the manners and customs of the aristocracy. The names, the faces, the habitations, the intimate pleasures and diversions of all the quondam great are familiar to the whole literate population of these islands. And the interest never seems to flag. To publish photographs of the Marquis of Carabas walking in the Park is evidently a paying profession. The public wants these photographs. The newspaper proprietors fulfil the want and reap their deserved profit.

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It is all very mysterious. Why should a great people, rich in every sort of political liberty, a people which has gloriously thrown off the yoke of hereditary oligarchs to put on the softer chains of the casual political adventurer—why should “a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks,” take this intense, this morbid interest in its fading aristocracy? I cannot pretend to be able to give a wholly satisfactory answer. Making generalizations about human motives is a very dangerous game. A secluded literary specialist, I can lay no claim to that universality of knowledge possible in earlier, less complicated times. My circle of acquaintance includes a certain number of journalists, poets, novelists, dons, editors, painters, upper middle-class families, a few domestic servants, peasants and gardeners, a few of the idle and elegant rich—and that is about all. Of the business men, of whom we hear so much in the press, I do not think I know one; of all the teeming millions who live in the suburbs and come up daily to the city I am almost wholly ignorant. I have never so much as passed a night in any of the great industrial towns

of the North. I have never talked to a miner or a steel worker or a cotton operative. Of the more than a million regular readers of the *Daily Mirror* I am acquainted with perhaps two dozen, and I have no reason to suppose that they represent the mental average of that enormous audience. How then can I hope to gauge correctly the motives of the million? Clearly, I am quite unqualified. But that shall not prevent me from emitting an explanatory theory.

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In a democratically organized country the crowd is interested in aristocracy, in wealth and privileged leisure, precisely because it is “free” and possesses the power to vote and be voted for. Middle-class audiences like to have aristocracy paraded before them, because, in an obscure but very certain fashion, the spectacle flatters their pride. For in theory and by law they are the equals of these wonderful barbarians, these superb and serene Redskins playing in their reservation. It is satisfactory to think when one sees a picture of the Marquis of Carabas walking in the Park, one foot poised in the air and an infinitely vacant expression frozen into immortality by the instantaneous blink of the camera—it is satisfactory to know that one is as good as he. Let them sport, gaudy butterflies! Let them snap their fingers at the rest of the world from the windows of their stucco palaces. Let them make merry in their reservations, committing there in safety eccentricities which would lead to ostracism and ignominious expulsion from any other class. Let them do what they like, spend what they like, look how they please. It makes no difference. We in the suburbs are their political equals, and we enjoy looking at the pictures and the society paragraphs just because it is pleasant to know that we are as good as these extraordinary creatures. Furthermore, in another sense, we are probably better than they. For if we are their political equals we are also, we flatter ourselves, their moral superiors. We work from ten till six, we wear unobtrusive clothes, we do not squander money on food and drink, we do not associate with disreputable artists and foreigners, we abhor eccentricity. Yes, undoubtedly we are their superiors.

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There may be other reasons to make the insertion of society portraits and paragraphs a paying proposition for the newspaper proprietor. But these, I believe, are the fundamental causes that explain the unremitting interest of the crowd in the actions of the aristocracy. That interest would be explicable on other grounds if the aristocracy still ruled. The curiosity would be justifiable and natural that demanded portraits and paragraphs about Simon de Montfort, Buckingham, Strafford, Chatham. These were people of some interest and importance in their different ways. But in these latter days nothing can account for the exaggerated interest in the Marquis of Carabas except that desire for a subtle form of self-flattery which I have already described.

* * * *

Actors and actresses, cinema stars, and successful boxers share with the remains of the aristocracy the distinction of being always in the public eye. The fact is not to be wondered at. To those who lead the ordinary life in the suburbs an actress or a negroid pugilist seems as free, as gloriously irresponsible as an earl. The fact of our real equality to, and possible superiority over, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Johnson is as flattering as the thought that we are as good as the Marquis of Carabas. How far the total decay of the aristocratic tradition is likely to affect literature and thought in general is a subject with which I have no space at present to deal. But perhaps in another paper it will be interesting to return to our vanishing Redskins.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"IN LEADING STRINGS," by J. K. Pulling (Sidgwick & Jackson, 7s. 6d. net), can boast a remarkably lifelike hero. He is first introduced to us at the mature age of fourteen, and we are made fully to realize the extraordinary charm which, despite his utter dishonesty and untruthfulness, procures for him the affection of many persons who rank among the salt of the earth. The author seems to attribute his qualities and their defects to a vagabond upbringing in the first place, and artistic genius in the second; but neither condition is in our experience indispensable for the production of a very similar personality. The minor characters are almost equally well-drawn, and as a whole the story, for a first novel, has altogether unusual promise.

We have an impression that one period of Miss Peggy Mebling's literary career foreshadowed better things than the bright, pretty, unreal trifle which takes its name "Comedy Corner" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net) from a group of almshouses inhabited by superannuated actresses. It is intended, we understand, to blossom into a play, and for this metamorphosis it is well adapted by its effective situations and its appealing humour and pathos.

The feminist spinster who gains an influence over younger women and uses it to dissuade them from marriage has changed much for the better since her first appearance in fiction. Originally most unattractive, she has gradually been endowed with beauty, charm and ability, and now Miss Sybil Campbell Lethbridge has bestowed upon her the additional merit of arousing her disciples to serious views of life. The heroine of "Misfits" (Skeffington, 8s. 6d. net), having at her instigation thrown over three fiancés, is next, in her own turn, jilted; and from this experience, quaintly enough, learns to set a juster value on the male sex in general, and in particular on her hitherto underrated father. An entertaining story, much better written than the average.

"The Love-Chit," by Maud Mallet (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net), has little in common either with actual life or with its habitual dullness. It relates, in sparkling fashion, the adventures of a girl who is out to marry millions at any cost, and ends up, of course, with the man of her choice plus a very decent competence. Her method of raising funds for the matrimonial campaign, as cryptically indicated in the title, is peculiar, but involves no offence against conventional morality.

"Harriet and the Piper," by Kathleen Norris (Murray, 7s. 6d. net), is a lively and interesting story of American domestic life, chiefly as understood by the wealthy. Harriet, a governess who finally marries her widowed employer, to the satisfaction of all concerned, is a managing woman of a good but not wholly convincing type. The piper, a decadent who some years earlier has crossed her path, is scarcely more than a shadow.

"Fire and Water," by Marwin Delcarol (Duckworth, 9s. net), does not escape the pitfall incidental to most novels which deal with metempsychosis, of endeavouring to describe too many incarnations. The author has succeeded best, we think, with the biography of a free-born Athenian hetaira, who has not been, like the heroines of the New Comedy, kidnapped in infancy, but driven by circumstances to adopt the career of flute-girl, and raised to eminence by the patronage of Plato himself. The soul's moral development from one existence to another is a little too didactically treated.

A respectable amount of intelligently directed reading has gone to make up "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell Lea," by Douglas Moubray (Hayes, 7s. net). But it is at least twice too long, and neither characters nor events stand out with the vividness which, in historical fiction, is essential to success. This lack makes itself especially felt when we reach the climax, which is far from affecting us as it does in that exquisite ballad whereon the story is founded.

Psychical research has of late years been responsible for many dull novels. If in this category we do not at once include "Overshadowed," by C. Wickliffe Yulee (Rider, 7s. net), it is because our flagging attention is from time to time stimulated by instances of versatility and intelligence. The hero, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, is inspired by Cardinal Richelieu, acting as spirit control, with worldly and political ambitions, which are held in check through the influence of an hereditarily clairvoyante heroine.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

WOMEN have advanced far since 1820. The profundity of the abyss of repression, whose frowning walls they have successfully scaled, can be gauged from a paper in the eleventh volume of that admirable early competitor of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, the *North American Review*. Referring to Madame de Staël, in an article dealing with Madame Necker's "Life" of her famous daughter, a critic declares that the author of "Corinne" and "Delphine"

was one of a sex whose minds are trammelled and attenuated by the customs of society, just as their bodies are apt to be by fashion; whom the institutions of social life exclude from intellectual pursuits, lest they should sometimes presume to walk there by the side of their lords, and so collision and strife ensue between man and his helpmeet; a sex from whom little mental effort is expected, and by whom therefore little is apt to be made.

Madame de Staël, whose book upon the French Revolution is alluded to as "the last and best of her works," is considered by the writer of this able and suggestive article to be

a most extraordinary woman, and the greatest female that has ever written. Other women have made books as directly useful, and in a certain sense of the word, as sensible; but no one has displayed a mind of such power and extent, so well cultivated and filled; no one has done so much to vindicate the intellectual equality of woman with man, for she not only stated the argument for it strongly and eloquently, but illustrated it well. The character of her mind was formed by a combination of qualities which rarely meet together. With an imagination luxuriant to excess, she reasoned acutely and sometimes profoundly. . . .

The *Morning Chronicle* in 1818—1820 was among the brightest of the London newspapers, and variety was given to its columns by frequent humorous paragraphs, verses, and the like. Speculation has long been busy concerning the authorship of some of these; and Charles Lamb, it is known, wrote for the paper at about the period in which we are especially interested. Some extracts from the *Morning Chronicle* have already been given ("A Hundred Years Ago," November 26). The following verses appeared in the issue of July 16, 1818:

LONG LIFE.

—Ebrietas captus
Ire lectum non coactus.

Et me vocans (Doctor)—"Male agis
—bibe minus." BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

Bibo, with tippling, nearly dead,
His stomach sick, an aching head,

The aid of old SANGRADO prays:
The Doctor comes—"Abstain from wine,
"And water drink, which, I opine,
"Will tend to lengthen, Sir, your days."

"Ay, by degrees," the patient cried,
"I've no objection it be tried;
"But not at once, Sir, if you please:"—
"Yes, Sir, at once!—would you desire,
"Were you to tumble in the fire,
"To be extracted by degrees?"

Again he called—"Doctor," said he,
"Tis very well, and there's your fee—
"Prescribe no more, for I dissent—
"And yet I own your doctrine sound—
"Three days I've tried; and these I found
"The longest days I ever spent!"

July 15.

(Signed)

We append an epigram, taken from the same journal for November 1, 1820:

EPIGRAM.

[The Bishop of Lincoln (lately Bishop of Exeter), according to an Exeter paper, dated October 1st, 1820, preached his farewell sermon in Exeter Cathedral, from Corinthians xv., last verse, "Be ye steadfast, immovable," etc.]

Not what I do, but what I say,
My brethren, should be noted,
"Be ye immovable," I pray,
While I move off promoted.
But good, my Lord, this version looks
Like novel variation:
Nay, nay, my friends, shut up your books,
Mine is a good Translation.

(Signed) JUVENIS.

The epigram appeared the same day in the *London Moderator*.

LITERARY GOSSIP

PERHAPS this story is not literary gossip; but it is gossip, and it has more bearing on the real problem of modern literature than most incidents related in this column. Moreover, it is authentic. A lady fell into conversation with a porter at Waterloo station. He said he had six children, five boys. "What are you going to do with them?" "They're all going into the army, M'm," and he showed his own 1914 star. "But haven't you had enough of soldiering?" "Enough—well, M'm. My father was a soldier; my grandfather was a soldier, and my great-grandfather was under Wellington when he beat the French on this very bit of ground you're standing on."

Notes and Queries (November 27) contains an amusing and a pathetic transcript of a Somerset dialect conversation which took place about 1830. The wise old woman of the piece is at her best when she says: "I wonder when our'n country will be peaceable again as it was in the days of good old George the 3rd. I fear not till next never come time, when they shear the dumbledores to make great coats for the emmetts."

Mr. Alfred A. Knopf of New York, ever most alert in publishing the younger generation, has himself produced a book entitled "The Borzoi, 1920: being a Sort of Record of Five Years' Publishing." Between an introduction (excellently applied from Gorky, and reprinted from *THE ATHENÆUM* of June 11 last) and a postscript by himself describing his forthcoming publications, Mr. Knopf gives, first, a number of papers written for the book; second, a "Brief Who's Who of Writers Particularly Identified with the Borzoi"; third, a slender but admirable anthology culled from his Borzoi books; and fourth, a bibliography of all the latter from September 25, 1915, to September 25, 1920.

This is no mere routine compilation, for of the specially contributed items a number have great merit. There is a "True Account of How Alfred A. Knopf Appeared in a Vision to Clarence Day, Jr."—after the vision, Mr. Day observes, "I was left there alone in my rooms with my weird psychic gift. I may add that after a brief contemplation of it, I rang for the janitor, and in spite of his bitter objections, transferred it to him."

Another pleasant surprise is "A Memory of Ypres," by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson. We, too, have these memories; Mr. Tomlinson expresses them so as to save us any future trouble in doing so: "It was a lovely day, and looking up at the sky . . . I saw a little round cloud suddenly appear in the blue, and then lots in a bunch, the sort of soft little cloudlets on which Renaissance cherubs rest their chubby hands, and with fat faces on one side consider mortals from cemetery monuments. Then came down dull concussions from the blue, and right over head I made out two Boche planes. . . ." We would go on, but cannot here; and meanwhile we await Mr. Tomlinson's war-book with the greatest impatience.

To return to the Borzoi. The anthology which we mentioned is one of the best advertisements for good books ever made. There are portraits, too, of many "Borzoi" authors—Mr. Mencken facing the literary situation with some gravity, Mr. Hergesheimer scrutinizing manuscript, Mr. Robert Graves waiting for inspiration (a remarkable drawing), Mr. Squire taking life easy, if only for the purpose of the photogra; her.

In fine, Mr. Knopf has performed a literary feat which corresponds to that of "great strength ringing the bell." He has won himself a name, great here and we believe great in America, for his enterprise and personal interest in his authors; and by this unique book he adds a further distinction to his publishing business.

The Writers Club of America at their last meeting voted as to the best six novelists in the United States. They chose Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, James B. Cabell, Booth Tarkington, Gertrude Atherton and Willa Cather.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MEN who are shut up in asylums become to all intents and purposes sun-worshippers, and their conversation and vitality change entirely with the weather; but we had not realized till lately how the book-hunter takes his mood from the face of the sky. In an old and obviously rich repository of books, where if anywhere might be blushing unseen "Lamias" and "Poems by Two Brothers," we lately fancied we could spend a pleasant hour. Scarcely had we turned the page of the nearest volume, however, before we became aware of the unusual weight and dampness of our overcoat, and of the significance of the rainstorm on the windows; shivering, we decided to hold on. Half an hour defeated us. Keen fitful gusts were whispering, round the cobwebbed heaps of Johnson's Poets, between the serried rows of Dickens and Carlyle, in every chasm on the shelves created by our curiosity. It was obviously the close season. On a fine day—some day we must—but now we must hunt in the catalogues.

Messrs. Chaundy's sixth list contains a display of books for Christmas presents, which the benefactor who possesses the additional virtue of economy would do well to study. Farther on, we come to the section of General Literature, where Hunt's "Men, Women and Books," 1847, is marked at 52s., De Quincey's "Memorials and Other Papers," 1863, at £3 15s. Among numerous Napoleonic items we notice a considerable collection on Waterloo, which would interest the veteran mentioned in another column. There are a few books which so constantly occur in catalogue and on shelf that we never see them now without unreasonable rage and fury, and one is "Drunken Barnabee's Four Journeys." And here it is, we regret to say, priced at 36s.

Another work which has exhausted our patience is Cunningham's "Nell Gwyn," and it appears—of course it appears—in Messrs. Foyle's new catalogue, No. 18 E, an extra-illustrated copy at £28. The catalogue is on the whole of more than average importance, and includes such works as we immediately covet and desire. There is a finely-bound first edition of "Far from the Madding Crowd," at six guineas; a presentation copy, with a letter, of "Nicholas Nickleby," 1839 (£15 15s.); a set of Conrad first editions. Under "Peacock, T. L." we had some little difficulty in recognizing "The Germs of the Thames... and other Poems."

Mr. Francis Edwards' Botany Catalogue, tastefully bound in green, offers many of those radiantly illustrated and immense works which have often assured us that man is after all an extraordinary fellow. After men like Sowerby and Loudon, and magazines like *Curtis' Botanical* and the *Florist Miscellany* we can believe in anything. Gerard's "Herball" is here marked at £48, a fine copy of the first edition; and his earliest known predecessor, "The Grete Herball," 1529, at £25.

Messrs. Dobell's November list includes another array of Defoe's writings, "The Villainy of Stock Jobbers Detected," 1701; "More Short-Ways with the Dissenters," 1704, and a dozen others. Four first editions of his satires are offered in the "Humor und Satire, Witz und Parodien" list of Max Harrwitz (Berlin).

"Examples of Bookbinding exhibited at the Leipzig Exhibition in 1914" (Riviere) is an extremely well-printed and illustrated account of a case of sumptuously decorated bindings executed by this firm for some exceptional manuscripts and fine books. It is hardly possible to conceive any means by which more labour could have been expended in their decoration or to find any fresh point for its application. They are triumphs of technical skill. And those who can afford to purchase them in these days are, we should hope, the sort of people to value and enjoy them. For our own part, we turn with renewed pleasure to the bindings which depend for their attraction on a beautiful surface of leather, set off, it may be, with a plain gold line on the edge, and a simple lettering on back or side. However, tastes differ, and we may join with Messrs. Riviere in their pleasure at recovering their masterpieces.

At Sotheby's recently Byron's presentation copy to John Cam Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) of the "Hours of Idleness" realized £52, and that of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," containing a long inscription, £84.

Science

SOCIOLOGY AND ITS PROSPECTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN

NO attempt to describe the outlook for sociology can evade the embarrassing question as to what sociology is. The Sociological Society has now been in existence for almost two decades, and yet it would be possible to find even among its hardy, surviving members a great many who have failed to penetrate the intellectual fog which still obscures this question. The difficulty has not been so much in describing the method of sociology as in indicating its field. What passes for sociology to-day is one or another of the sciences that occupy a sector of the sociological front. It is a rare discovery to find a book or a paper that co-ordinates all the forces of the specialist sciences into a strategically adequate attack upon the field under examination. The current fallacy is to let partial interpretations serve for the whole.

How shall we sum up the characteristics of sociology as distinct from the specialist techniques in which and through which sociology advances? No formal definition is available which does not affront the inquirer by its vagueness. A satisfactory description of sociology must be expressed, in Aristotle's phrase, in terms of its working and power. The scope of sociology should be determined not by the historical accidents that have affected the development of the social sciences, but by the human ends which the science of sociology must serve. On this principle sociology may be defined as the body of scientific investigation by means of which a human community may discover its situation, analyse its movements and tendencies, evaluate its institutions, appraise its potentialities, and forecast increasingly its future development. The last clause is the crux of our definition; for on this basis it is plain that even the physical sciences, to the extent that they contribute to the business of social control, fall within the province of sociology.

Sociology, then, is a technique for marshalling together the physical, vital and social sciences for attack upon any problem that confronts a community. The problem itself may be either common to many communities or restricted to a particular group or class. The immigration of peoples is an example of the first type, and the relation of State and Church of the second. The peculiarity of sociology is that it approaches these questions by means of a thoroughgoing survey of the field as a whole. Instead of making a partial analysis of the social complex, as the specialist sciences are so frequently tempted to do, sociology applies a comprehensive technique to what may be in appearance a simple situation. In short, sociology sees every special problem in relation to the whole from which it has been abstracted.

Now if this claim for the scope, purpose, and method of sociology is valid, the invitation of the British Association to sociologists to sit in the section devoted to anthropology or economics is little short of an intellectual outrage. Were the physical sciences oriented toward social ends it is plain that the supreme section of the British Association would be that of sociology: the other sciences would be humble members of a great socialized corpus. Unfortunately for sociology in Great Britain, and for the future of Western civilization, the British Association has excuse for its presumption. Modern science is notoriously a product of the Renaissance, and the specialist sciences have all the capricious individualism and innocence of social purpose peculiar to a Renaissance despot. Moreover, the science which I have been describing as sociology has never been recognized or

accepted as such by the students who have appropriated its name. What has been cultivated as sociology is that segment which deals with certain aspects of group relationships. Pick up any of the current sociological reviews and you will discover that their conception of sociology is sufficient to give ground for Mr. Karl Pearson's long-standing scepticism. For what are the reviews discussing in this year 1920, when the futility of partial solutions was never so evident, and when the demand for scientific knowledge of social processes was never so stringent?

Half a dozen European and American journals lie before me: they are all very estimable periodicals, and it is better that they should exist than that the name sociology should fall into disuse and the dream of a scientifically established social organization should melt away. But it is impossible to overlook the fact that sociology still means to most of the editors and contributors a haphazard accretion of studies and disciplines that have some sort of social content or background. Their inquiries into certain juridical and political aspects of the social process have very little to contribute toward the purposive direction of a community's activities. "Le Culte de l'autorité," "Une Forme méconnue de la Propriété," "What shall we do with the State?" and "La Legislazione di guerra e il sistema del diritto privato" are some of the titles the eye meets at random. Doubtless these are fascinating subjects, but it is highly unlikely that they will contribute much to the efflorescence of Western civilization, and they might be cultivated with an assiduity worthy of moles without contributing to the solution of a single one of the major problems that will confront our descendants. If this sort of pottering about in the social sciences were all that could be done in Great Britain to-day there would be no use in discussing the prospects of sociology, and the Sociological Society might as well sink early as late into a weedy and unlamented grave. The odium heaped upon sociology by the specialists of the British Association could be welcomed as the sort of kindly poison one might administer to a sick dog.

But there is still hope for sociology—in spite of the sociologists. For a long time in France, in the school of Démolins, and now increasingly in America and in Great Britain itself, seedlings of promise have been sprouting, and it is time to give these fresh conceptions of sociology the encouragement they deserve. The new schools tend to come together on three grounds. First, they conceive of sociology not as a dustman's bag, full of incidental pickings from jurisprudence, folk-lore, moral philosophy, and what not, but as deliberately compounded of the physical, biological, and social sciences. Second, they start out from and come back to the contemporary social situation, and all their explorations on the way are for the sake of making that situation more intelligible, more tangible, and more easily put under control. Third, they endeavour to make a systematic exploration of the sociological field, and they are not content with the capricious way in which social investigations have hitherto been undertaken. The bearing of these conceptions upon the definition that was sketched at the beginning of this article should be obvious, and their promise of ameliorative social results is not altogether obscure. We suffer to-day from a plethora of opinion and a scarcity of knowledge. The task of sociology is to make social action depart from the technique of the politician and approach more closely that of the engineer. The physical sciences, it is needless to say, do not build bridges, and sociology will not by itself excise tumourous cities or restore vitality to anæmic countrysides: this is a commonplace which is matched by the equally undeniable fact that bridges were built and human communities somehow managed to exist long before Descartes was ever heard of or Comte was born. But it

remains to point out that our marvellous capacity for handling mechanical instruments and utilizing material resources rests upon the development of the relevant physical sciences, and that if we are ever to achieve a similar victory in the social world we shall have, in similar fashion, to create a coherent body of social sciences. That is a conception to which the Sociological Society might dedicate itself, if it gained sufficient currency to enlist material and intellectual support. The outlook for a renewed sociology has never been so hopeful; for the basis of Western civilization has never been so uncertain, and when empirical methods fail science has the opportunity to come into its own.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—Nov. 25.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. The following papers were read: "The Growth of Seedlings in Wind," by Prof. Leonard Hill; "The Effect of Thyroid-feeding and of Thyroparathyroidectomy upon the Pituitrin Content of the Posterior Lobe of the Pituitary, the Cerebro-spinal Fluid and Blood," by Prof. P. T. Herring; "Reflex Times in the South African Clawed Frog," by Mr. W. A. Jolly; "Cellular Immunity: Observations on Natural and Acquired Immunity to Cobra Venom," by Prof. J. A. Gunn and Mr. R. St. A. Heathcote; and "Studies on Synapsis: III. The Nuclear Organization of the Germ Cells in *Libellula depressa*," by Mr. L. T. Hogben.

ROYAL NUMISMATIC.—Nov. 18.—Mr. Percy H. Webb, Treasurer, in the chair.

M. Edouard Bernays, Colonel E. J. King, Mr. C. E. Gunther and the Marchese Roberto Venturo Ginori were elected Fellows.

Mr. L. A. Lawrence read a paper on "A Second Specimen of the Crown of the Rose." This coin was only issued in September-October, 1526. Its types were modelled on those of the contemporary French écu, with which it was intended to compete. It was too heavy, however, and was replaced in October by the "crown of the double rose." The specimen described has recently been presented to the British Museum by Mr. J. Sanford Saltus of New York, who also acquired the first known specimen, which he presented to the New York Numismatic Museum.

Mr. G. C. Brooke read a paper entitled "Pereriz," in which he dealt with a suggestion by Mr. H. W. C. Davis that the legend PERERIZ M might stand for EMPERERIZ M, i.e. the Empress Matilda, "Empereriz" being an old French form of the feminine of "Emperer." Mr. Brooke welcomed the suggestion, not, however, as settling the attribution to Matilda, but as providing support for a view which he has already advanced, namely, that the legend is intended by the moneys to be ambiguous, to read either as a legend of Matilda or as one of Henry I.

SOCIOLOGICAL.—Nov. 23.—Sir Francis Younghusband in the chair.—Mr. C. R. Enock read a paper entitled "Suggestions towards a Science of Corporate Life."

Mr. Enock said the purpose of his paper was, first, to inquire whether we cannot now determine the principles on which a worthier and more settled state of society should be based; and, second, to show that, if such principles exist, their application would involve the breakdown of barriers now separating the practical and the spiritual sides of life. We find no combination between these two either in religious teaching to-day or in the teaching of political economy, but sociology admits the influence of ethical as well as evolutionary considerations upon society. The true principles of corporate life already exist in nature. In the structural organization of matter, i.e. the linking up of units into federation, and the obedience of these units to the structural laws of place, function and behaviour, we have the basic principles for society, the equivalent social units being the individual, the local group and the nation. Our failure to grasp the importance of the second of these has led to the over-centralization of our great cities, with stagnation, social and industrial, in our country towns and villages as a corollary. This over-centralization is partly caused by a semi-predatory commercialism. "Esteem thy neighbour as thyself" is no mere pious aspiration, but a scientific law, essential for the well-being of society. If regional life and industry were adequately fostered, the regions, becoming largely self-supporting, would take their rightful place in the social structure, and our present social and economic difficulties would tend to disappear.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 10. King's College, 4.—"Painting and the Invention of Painted Glass," Prof. P. Dearmer.
University College, 5.—"Italian History and Literature," Lecture VI., Mr. H. E. Goad.
University College, 8.—"The Principles of Critical Realism," Lecture VI., Prof. G. Dawes Hicks.

Mon. 13. Royal Geographical, 5.—"The History of the Chronometer," Lieut.-Commander R. T. Gould.

King's College, 5.30.—"Some Philosophical Pre-suppositions of Christianity: Sin and Error as Arguments for Theism," Prof. W. R. Matthews.

University College, 5.30.—"County Rural Library Schemes under the New Act," Mr. J. M. Mitchell.

Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"Saracenic Architecture in Egypt and Palestine," Mr. M. S. Briggs.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Micro-Organisms and some of their Industrial Uses," Lecture II., Mr. A. C. Chapman. (Cantor Lecture.)

Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"The Work of the Measuring and Quantity Surveyor," Mr. F. H. A. Hardcastle.

Tues. 14. Royal Asiatic, 4.30.—"Some Arabic Poets of the Abbasid Period," Dr. R. A. Nicholson.

Royal Statistical, 5.15.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Notes on the Standardization of Shock Tests," Sir R. A. Hadfield and Mr. S. A. Main.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Development of Philosophy from Descartes to Leibniz," Lecture X., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.

Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Ethnography of the Central Cameroons," Capt. L. W. G. Malcolm.

Wed. 15. Guild of Education (11, Tavistock Square, W.C.1), 5.15.—"The Hope of the Continuation Schools," Miss M. Frodsham.

King's College, 5.15.—"Mediaeval Contributions to Modern Civilization: Politics," Prof. J. W. Allen.

Geological, 5.30.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Forestry," Major-General Lord Lovat.

Royal Meteorological, 8.

Thurs. 16. Royal Society, 4.30.

British Academy (King's College, Strand), 5.30.—"The Septuagint and Jewish Worship: a Study in Origins," Lecture I., Dr. H. St. John Thackeray. (Schweich Lectures.)

Royal Numismatic, 6.

Chemical, 8.—"Some Properties of Explosives," Sir R. Robertson.

Viking (University of London, South Kensington), 8.15.—"The Plays of Johann Sigurjonsson," Prof. H. G. Wright.

Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.

Fine Arts

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

INDEPENDENT GALLERY, 7a, GRAFTON STREET, W.—Pictures and Water-Colours by Thérèse Lessore, and Representative Works by Contemporary French Painters.

DORIEN LEIGH GALLERIES, 8, BRUTON STREET, W.—Woodcuts by Lucien Pissarro.

FINE ART SOCIETY, 148, NEW BOND STREET, W.—Exhibition of Statuettes by the Royal Society of British Sculpture.

WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118, NEW BOND STREET, W.—Water-Colour Drawings by Geoffrey Birkbeck.

THERE is a deplorable lack in London of galleries conducted in accordance with an individual canon of taste. The majority of dealers vaunt their catholicity, which means in a more candid language that they are willing to show any work, however indifferent, provided it be in the fashion or of a kind to meet a stereotyped demand. The new exhibition at the Independent Gallery is yet another welcome proof that at last we have a dealer endowed with a discriminating knowledge of modern painting, both English and French, and who offers pictures for sale to which his own judgment and sympathy are committed. The gallery is gradually making us better acquainted with a number of modern French painters of real importance. MM. Puy, de Segonzac, Friesz, Boussingault and Marchand show paintings in the large gallery which will be a revelation to many who have been bewildered and disillusioned by examples of modern work which have been exposed with more enthusiasm than discretion in exhibitions held elsewhere during the last few years. M. Boussingault in particular is an artist of whose work one would gladly see more. His "Jeanne" is a portrait of great distinction. The character of the head is expressed without preconceived

formula or theoretical emphasis of any kind by a simple arrangement of cleverly visualized planes, and with a harmony of treatment that is derived just as much from sympathy with the charm of the subject as from an understanding of its structure as a piece of human mechanism. M. de Segonzac's "Nude" is seen to best advantage from a distance. At close inspection one is irritated by the slippery track of the palette-knife, but as the details of treatment recede from view the quality of the picture emerges in a suave yet dignified composition, admirably deliberate in tonal arrangement. "La Colle: vue panoramique," by M. Marchand, "La Belle Rose," by M. Friesz, and M. Puy's "Paysage" are all very fine examples. Among the water-colours there is a pleasant series by M. Signac, and two excellent drawings by MM. Marchand and Dufresne.

The paintings and drawings by Miss Thérèse Lessore, which fill the remaining rooms of the gallery, are all studies of music-halls. To Miss Lessore the prevailing atmosphere of the music-hall is one of dingy lassitude, as far as the audience is concerned, and of a deadly seriousness in the business of being comic or sentimental on the part of the performers. Her comment is too appreciative to be satirical, but for all that there is a suggestion of irony in her picture of expert observance of a solemn rite. Her colour is greyish and the quality of her paint rather thin and worn, but all this accords with the low vitality of the scene. In the sad obscurity of such an emotional atmosphere the iridescent rings of the limelights make the only note of lively colour. Miss Lessore's point of view is interesting and ably expressed, and is quite relevant to the medium of her art, but one would be glad to see her escape for a time from what is evidently a rather saddening *milieu*.

Now that woodcuts are coming to the fore again it is valuable to see the work of such an old hand as Mr. Lucien Pissarro at the Dorien Leigh Galleries. The exhibition carries the mind back to the "nineties," when Mr. Pissarro was associated with Mr. Ricketts, Mr. Shannon and Mr. Sturge Moore in an earlier revival of the craft. One willingly agrees with Mr. Campbell Dodgson's tribute to the control which his work shows of the complicated process of printing in colours without assigning too high a value to Mr. Pissarro's creative talent. His woodcuts are admirable technically, and are well worthy of study.

The exhibition of the Royal Society of British Sculpture is a very depressing spectacle. All the hoary *clichés* of the studios are paraded once again in these statuettes: the same girls tying their sandals, the same boys drawing their catapults, the girls with scimitars and the girls with arms outstretched and yawning heads thrown back symbolizing "Dawn," the same Kisses and Babies' Heads. Mr. Reid Dick's "Mother the Child" is solitary in distinction.

Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck's water-colours at Walker's Galleries are agreeably direct in expression, especially those of buildings, of which "Trinity Square, Richmond," is a good example.

O. R. D.

THE ART OF ARTHUR STREETON. (Sydney, Angus & Robertson; London, Milford. 42s. net.)—It is impossible to judge with exactitude of Mr. Streeton's real position among artists from reproductions alone, good though these are. If we may run risks, however, we should vote him an academician, by no means hidebound, but decidedly alert and able to adapt himself; still, no innovator. He is an Australian, born in a little Victorian village, and his early work is definitely Australian. Almost invariably concerned with landscape, he does with his brush much the same as Kendall in his poetry; he transcribes and he masses fiery colour and interprets the sense of earth not too long tamed by man. His success in actual pictorial method is to be judged, perhaps, by turning from his drawing "The Burned Back-Ranges" to that of "Chepstow Castle" (the third plate following). The difference in spirit between the two would be bewildering but for the titles. Perhaps in his English art he owes a debt to Constable, more probably to the whole English tradition. When he is in Australia, he paints as an Australian; in England, as an Englishman. There are exceptions to this; but his "Corfe Castle" (three drawings) might have been James Ward's. His war pictures are slight, save that (and a fine conception it is) of Amiens Cathedral, and one of Péronne. Our personal favourite in the collection is "Kent Harvest," the truth and feeling of which we recognize from old experience.

Music

COVENT GARDEN ONCE MORE

ONLY the other day we found Covent Garden transformed into a picture-palace, and with a fine gesture of derision we turned from it, as we thought, for ever, crying scornfully that at last it had found its proper fate. And now, behold, it is once more the home of opera, and we find ourselves impelled by the call of duty to renew the old acquaintance—for who are we that we should call it friendship? The first encounter, we feared, might prove embarrassing. The place, however, seems to bear no malice, for no gleam of triumph, no faintest flicker of a smile could be observed on those impassive portals as we passed through to hear the Carl Rosa Company's performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna." It was quite a relief to find that old traditions are still preserved; in other words that Friday's performance was half-an-hour late in starting owing to some of our gilded youth having danced there the night before. The manager could not help this, of course, and we accepted his explanation in the spirit (we hope) in which it was offered. At the same time, we could have employed that interval to better advantage had he told us in the first place that the delay was likely to occur, instead of waiting till it was over to inform us that it *had* occurred.

To come to business. Most opera-goers are familiar with the plot of Wolf-Ferrari's melodrama; but even for those who are not, there seems no necessity to trace it in detail. Suffice it that it is a "strong" story of the South, in which Camorrist intrigues and popular passions are called in to aid the normal operatic paraphernalia of seduction, robbery, and sudden death. The Carl Rosa players, who are mostly of what is known as the "useful" type, seemed to find some difficulty in dealing with it, as well they might. Of the four principal characters, Mr. Boland as Gennaro was far and away the best; he had studied his part with intelligence, and though his slow utterance and deliberate, heavy movement suggested a Yorkshire wold rather than the scorching rocks of Naples, it was none the less a consistent and interesting impersonation. Miss Miranda sang creditably, and got her words over to the audience with great skill, but her coquetry is not that of one to the manner born. Rafaele (Mr. Hebden Foster) was not quite such a cad as M. Wolf-Ferrari probably intended him to be. Carmela (Miss Elsbeth Wakefield) will do better when she rids herself of that wobbling tremolo. These are the only characters who matter; the remainder is all crowd and chorus.

To the badness of M. Wolf-Ferrari's music no pen, we think, has yet done full justice. Melodically, rhythmically, harmonically, it is simply a string of cosmopolitan vulgarities, in which all that is worst in the Italian, German, and French tradition seems to come uppermost, all by turns and all together. The "modern" tricks and devices which the composer has acquired with evident facility can hardly deceive a tyro; they merely serve to throw the coarseness and banality of his musical thought into a most unmerciful relief. We believe—and we most sincerely hope—that this work will never become a popular favourite.

The orchestral playing was undistinguished. The string tone was of indifferent quality, and the entries were often ragged. Altogether it was a performance that could fairly be described as "competent," but nothing more. Certainly not one to make us Londoners beckon to the distinguished foreigner, as who should say proudly, "Come and see what we can do."

R. O. M.

CONCERTS

ON November 29 Mr. Leopold Ashton and M. Cazabon gave the first performance of a new violin sonata by M. Pierre de Breville, one of the early group of gifted French musicians who rallied round the standard of César Franck. He is a figure who commands our respect, but this sonata, if it does so much, certainly does no more. From the preliminary puff which accompanied the programme we gather that it is a war-baby; left to ourselves, we should never have suspected it, for it is a dull affair, pleasantly written, but mild in thought and rambling in construction.

On November 30 the London Chamber Concert Society continued their excellent series, the performers being Miss Marjorie Hayward, Mr. Virgo, Mr. Bridge, Mr. Salmond, with Mr. Snowden as second 'cello and Mr. Craxton as pianist. The programme consisted of Elgar's Quartet and Schubert's Quintet, with Jean Huré's 'cello sonata, played by Mr. Salmond and Mr. Craxton, in between them. Excellent players as Miss Hayward and her colleagues are, we should hesitate to call them a quartet in the strict sense of the word. Mr. Virgo is a genuine chamber-music player, and Miss Hayward can adjust herself to any situation; but Mr. Bridge, though he never gives a recital, and is only heard in chamber-music, remains unmistakably a solo performer, while Mr. Salmond's style is altogether too exuberant and too individual to fit him for quartet-playing. In saying this we are criticizing frankly from an ideal standpoint. When four such capable players as these get together, they are certain to give their audience an enjoyable evening.

Piano and violin is a tame affair after a string quartet, but Mr. Arthur Rubinstein and M. Kochanski are masters of their respective instruments, and their joint recital of sonatas by Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms on December 2 was notable in its way. Still—there are other composers.

Music in England provides strange contrasts, and brings together works which can be heard nowhere else in the world. An example of this happened on December 1, when there were performances of "The Dream of Gerontius" by the reconstituted London Choral Society, and of Scarlatti's Christmas Cantata by Miss Muriel Gough and the Lucas String Quartet. There is no comparison between the two works, of course; the points of view of the composers were as different as possible. Yet the difference is instructive. It is not so much a question of time, race or musical tradition even; the chief thing is that Prince Antonio Ottoboni was a better poet than Cardinal Newman, and that Alessandro Scarlatti was more adept at getting poetry into his music than Sir Edward Elgar has been in "Gerontius." In Ottoboni's verses all is simple and straightforward, though it is a very noble simplicity. Newman is obscure; he has dragged in all kinds of extraneous ideas and his language is deplorable. Scarlatti suggests all the starry loveliness of the "Holy Night"; and Miss Gough got so much of the poetry of it into her singing that she made one think that the "Queen of Night" had been sent down to sing at the Nativity. Scarlatti's music would have reminded those who first heard it of opera and of the traditional Christmas music of Abruzzi pipers. Elgar's music, in the same way, reminds us of operas and of hymns; but the operas are those of Wagner, and the hymns are hymns ancient and modern. "Gerontius" wears badly. Much of it seems horribly blatant nowadays. The nobly planned choruses of praise or supplication dissolve in a welter of passion or "uplift"; the amorous gush of some of it is almost indecent. "Gerontius" has always been a favourite with the London Choral Society since the first performance here in 1904; and once again the Society proved equal to the difficulties of priests, demons and "angelicals"—which are considerable. Mr. John Adams was Gerontius; Mr. Robert Radford the Angel of the Agony. The honours of the evening fell to Miss Olga Haley, who found, in the part of the other Angel, music which was exactly suited to her powers. Londoners do not realize how they are envied in some other places where the money for choral and orchestral concerts is forthcoming, but no one will come either to listen or to sing in the chorus. The director of music in Seville Cathedral could hardly believe that in London quite ordinary people had sung in the Mass in D, and that there was a choral society which did it nearly every year.

Drama

OTWAY PRESERVED

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH (PHENIX SOCIETY).—"Venice Preserv'd, or a Plot Discovered." By Thomas Otway.

FROM Mr. Montague Summers's valuable note on the theatrical history of "Venice Preserv'd," printed on the Phoenix Society's programme, we learn that it is according to old tradition for Pierre to wear a white hat. Mr. Summers adds that "the exact reason for this particular headgear," duly adopted by Mr. Baliol Holloway in the Phoenix production, "is not plain." We think it is quite plain. Pierre wears a white hat lest he should be confounded with Jaffier, or Renault, or Antony, or Priuli, or the Duke—it would confuse the plot so inextricably if he were. Other dramatists have other ways of distinguishing between the characters they create—but Otway, well somebody obviously had to help him out.

Mr. Shaw said many years ago what had to be said about the minor Elizabethans and their "school of falsehood, bloody-mindedness, bombast and intellectual cheapness"; about the "false, forced rhetoric, the callous sensation-mongering in murder and lust, the ghosts and combats" of Shakespeare's precursors and peers. He said it all.

But O! What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop?

What can possibly be said of Otway? Look at this Pierre, who plots an orgy of loot and rape in the city he is paid to defend, and yet weeps because the felon's doom awarded to him in the end is dishonouring to an honest soldier like himself! Look at this Jaffier, who cannot dig, but is not ashamed to beg from his senatorial father-in-law who has disowned him for eloping with his daughter. Because old Priuli will not provide him with the means to live in luxurious idleness, Jaffier finds it only natural to join the conspiracy for the ruin of Venice; to make good his footing with the conspirators he then hands over his wife Belvidera as a hostage; and finally in a fit of uxoriousness breaks his oath at Belvidera's chivalrous request, and betrays his accomplices. Need we add that beneath all these crushing strokes of fate he remains a gentleman, and is able (after the arrest of the conspirators on his information) to cry with heart-wringing pathos, "Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, with a vile blow!" Look at the hoary lecher, Renault—but we cannot really go on painting the portraits of these people. They can hardly be meant (except in a very few cases) as a satire on the morals of seventeenth-century Venice, because some of them (who wear white hats or go mad in white satin) are clearly intended to win our sympathy. Them we could suffer with more equanimity if they had the waxwork lifelessness of eighteenth-century tragedy; unluckily, though they are, as has been said, mere masks, they are masks through which glows, with the dull ferocity of a hell-bound soul, the spirit of their creator. This nightmare of pride and appetite and blood and suicide really represented his criticism on life. He really admired Pierre and pitied Jaffier, and believed that Belvidera, with her passive adoration of the worst of husbands and her milk-white respectability, was the flower of Paradise. ("Oh, my God!" one hears him murmuring in his tavern as he waits for his doxy, "if I had met such a woman ten years ago—ah! yes—but it is too late repining now.") It is not, on the whole, a rare privilege to watch the phosphorescent decay of Otway's soul through five acts of blank verse which lacks either the imagery or the elevation of poetry, and retains merely the cut-and-thrust vigour of skilled melodramatic dialogue.

Nor does the process give much scope for acting, or rather it gives scope only to a type of acting that has vanished from our theatre. "Venice Preserv'd" requires

the old romantic player with his purely unintellectual gift of clothing naked passion in imagination. We need not doubt that when Garrick played Jaffier to Spranger Barry's Pierre everybody was thrilled; but it was not because of Jaffier and Pierre, but because of Garrick and Barry. Great romantic personalities of that rank those excellent actors Mr. Baliol Holloway and Mr. Ion Swinley would scarcely claim to be. *Les anciens sont les anciens, et nous sommes les gens d'aujourd'hui.* As Pierre, Mr. Holloway throws the lines off his chest with quite the right vigour, and stamps and flashes his sword and flings the conspirators across from R.C. to L.C. with the infectious zest of a Robert Louis Stevenson. Let him, when he goes back to playing Ancient Pistol, do it in exactly the same spirit. He will not only be astonished at his success, but will have offered a better criticism on Otway than could be put on any printed page. Mr. Swinley also displays a pretty talent for passionate declamation, but he seemed to us to look too fresh and healthy for Jaffier. We missed the haggard cheek and flaring eye of that quaking degenerate, just as we missed completely in the *décor* the suggestion of dark and decaying grandeurs which this smoky tragedy requires for its setting.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt's Belvidera must be approached more seriously. Nothing done by this most brilliant of our younger actresses can be without importance. Unluckily, success in Belvidera does not come from technique or intelligence or charm; it comes solely from the romantic imagination. You possess this or you lack it, and accordingly you triumph or, at least relatively, fail. Miss Nesbitt loaded Otway's shrieking wraith with precious gifts—all her artistic mastery, all her beauty of person and movement, all her tenderness and power of thought. But there was nothing on which these graces could hang. If somebody writes a mad scene which a modern alienist can approve as accurate, nobody, we suspect, will play it better than Miss Nesbitt. But this pale *décalque* of Ophelia—introduced, not like Ophelia's madness as a link in the unfolding of the idea of the play, but simply as an exhibition of horror when the drama is ended by the suicide of Pierre and Jaffier—this empty vapouring offers nothing tangible to Miss Nesbitt's art. The fault does not lie with her art.

There is just one element in "Venice Preserv'd" which can be exempted from the sentence that must be passed on the work as a whole. It is the intrigue between the Senator Antonio and the courtesan Aquilina. These scenes, we perceive at once, came not from within Otway, but were observed by him in the world amid which he moved. Their base absurdities were given full value at the Phoenix performance by Mr. Stanley Lathbury, who gave an admirable study of dissolute senility, and Miss Edith Evans, whose superb poses, as of a Venetian courtesan by Titian, were a little triumph of art. It was these scenes between Antony and his "Nacky" that Zola with his grand strategic *coup d'œil* picked out from Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," where he found them quoted, and immediately added to his "Nana." That is the best testimonial they could have. Moreover, by this generous act of a *grand seigneur* some fragments of Otway have been preserved to share the immortality of a great work. "Rest," then "rest, perturbed spirit." D. L. M.

THE MARLOWE SOCIETY AT CAMBRIDGE

THE Marlowe Society is really incorrigible: always as the day of production approaches, its moving spirits go about the streets with lengthening faces: always when the day arrives it surpasses itself and sends its audience home wondering at the accomplished young

world it lives in. The performance of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Triumph of Death," Swinburne's "Duke of Gandia" and Gay's "The What d'ye call it" has been no exception.

It is indeed a strange reversal of Elizabethan days: then, while the giants of the time were creating the English drama in London, the University clung pompously to its Senecan Latin trash: now, while London clings to a degraded theatrical tradition, Cambridge is one of the rare places where one can be sure of seeing good plays well acted. If only a few London stage-managers could have been transported hither last week to see how much can be done with an Elizabethan simplicity of scenery and magnificence of dress, instead of debauching audiences and lumbering the stage with the extravagant fripperies of modern stage-carpentry!

"The Triumph of Death" was the least satisfactory of the three pieces. It is not a good play: with all its wordy splendour and its élan, it remains a melodrama of the cruder sort. Gabriella, the Medea type of wronged woman turned she-wolf, tears the heart of her false husband Lavall from his body, to fling it at his uncle, the Duke. Now the Marlowe Society very rightly refused to have a sheep's heart bouncing about their boards, just as they cut out the lurid final pageant of Death and Destinies and Furies. Gabriella was accordingly refined. But there was the rub: the acting was throughout finer and more restrained than the play deserved; and also, than the play could stand. It became less crude: it became also a little weak.

But the "Duke of Gandia" was a genuine triumph—superb in the inherent greatness of its splendid English, superb in the really wonderful beauty of its Vannozza and Lucrezia, but most superb of all in the rendering of Caesar Borgia, who dominated the acting as he dominates the play.

To hear his

I am I.

Something I think to do before my day
Pass from me,

and again,

Too many dead flow down the Tiber's flow
Nightly. They say it,

was a new thing to experience.

After "the Funerals," as Sir Philip Sidney would have complained, "the Hornpypes," Gay's "The What d'ye call it," a "Tragi-comi-pastoral Farce," is quite unexpectedly good reading: as acted, thanks to the most happy inventiveness of its producer, it was twice as good again. It remains an extraordinary testimony to the persistent Englishness of the English: for with all its eighteenth-century charm, the humour is as fresh and unevaporated as if it had been written last week. "We have so fitted the parts," says Sir Roger, "that every man talks in his own way"; and in fact the players were able to throw themselves straight into their parts, with extremest gusto, and yet to fit them perfectly. Sir Roger, his steward, Kitty Carrot, Thomas Filbert and Timothy Peascod were all a joy to the beholder.

All the more regrettable is it that so much excellence should have such adverse conditions to contend with. The A.D.C. theatre has been condemned as unsafe: the Footlights, lent for the occasion, is very small and inadequate. It is devoutly to be hoped that, when the appeal to better these things is made, the University, the Royal Commission, the beneficent rich and whomsoever else it may concern will recognize that it is unworthy a civilized country to go on endowing the investigation of oils and the disembowelling of frogs while it neglects those who are trying to keep alive the very best in the tradition of Cambridge and the dramatic literature of England.

F. L. L.

Correspondence

THOMAS HARDY: A FRENCH VIEW

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—While one must welcome the rare critical independence of Julie Bertrand in her letter on Thomas Hardy (ATHENÆUM, November 26), it is strange to hear her suggest that the unreality of Hardy's characters is one of the reasons why Hardy does not enjoy a full amount of popularity on the Continent. On this point it is interesting to recall that the title-page of Hardy's first published novel, "Desperate Remedies," 1871, contains the following quotation from Walter Scott:

Though an unconnected course of adventure is what most frequently occurs in nature, yet the province of the romance-writer being artificial, there is more required from him than a mere compliance with the simplicity of reality.

I do not suggest that this annuls your correspondent's criticism, but it serves to show that Hardy's method is part of his literary aim.

Yours faithfully,
EDWARD W. BETTS.

MISS MACNAUGHTAN'S "CANADIAN MEMORIES"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—As one of your old subscribers and regular readers I want to congratulate you on the review of "My Canadian Memories"—on the excellence of that review. It is on page 551, Friday, October 22, 1920.

As we always do with practically all books published in the Old Country, I bought a copy of Miss Macnaughtan's book. I had seen her when she was here, and I had read her other books. Little did I think that she was going to treat us to a "car-window" journey of Canada, in which the only persons of any importance are the men who built the railways. Strathcona and Van Horne were the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the other men of the Canadian Northern. It would look to us who are mere Colonials as if she were in the same class as so many of our distinguished English travellers who visit us from time to time and return home to write their impressions. We call those people "car-window travellers." They nearly always travel upon passes furnished them by the railways, and in return, I suppose, they praise the excellence of the railway, thereby attracting tourists. I am sorry to have to say this about Miss Macnaughtan's book because I understand she has passed away, but it is a great pity that such persons as Miss Macnaughtan and Mrs. Humphrey Ward should lend themselves to this kind of literature. We expect it from certain professional tourists at whose hands we suffer from time to time, and I often wonder how it would sound to the English people if one of us, in visiting England, should pick out the directors of the Caledonian Railway and tell how wonderful they are and how they are really the type of men produced in England, utterly ignoring the rest of the population. We at once would be told that our views were extremely local. Is there any difference?

Yours very truly,
GEORGE H. LOCKE.

Public Library of Toronto,
November 16, 1920.

FLECKER'S POETRY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I think M. does less than justice to Flecker in his review (ATHENÆUM, November 26) of the collected prose works. He says that Flecker "conceived of himself definitely as a minor poet following the great figures of the Victorian era, and he adopted the Parnassian doctrine as one which might enable him to achieve a minor poetic excellence." Both these statements ignore Flecker's later trend. If he followed the Parnassians with the object of achieving a minor poetic excellence, why, having achieved it as he did in "The Golden Journey to Samarcand," "Yasmin" and "The Gates of Damascus," should he break away from the school if not to achieve something higher?

There is, I think, only one theory that covers all the facts. Flecker was a conscientious as well as a conscious artist, and

he regarded his work under the Parnassians as an apprenticeship in verse forms, a course of exercises in precision and beauty of expression. His humility before the great Victorians, then, is not the humility of a poet conscious of inferiority, but the humility of the apprentice before the masters. He finished his apprenticeship with "The Golden Journey." The Parnasse could teach him nothing more, and he left it to pursue his own development. In his later poems, "Stillness" and "November Eves," he strikes again, but with greater assurance, the personal note of his early work, but death cut short his development. M. overlooks the fact that Flecker was only 31 years of age when he died, and this oversight spoils his brilliant comparison between Flecker and Landor. Flecker was less robust than Landor at the summit of his powers, but what is the comparison between Flecker's achievement and the achievement of Landor at the age of 31?

One claim Flecker, with all humility, did make for himself during his apprenticeship. In the prologue to "The Golden Journey" he used the phrase

We poets of the proud old lineage,
and this claim, I think, M. will admit. Justice would have been better done by insisting less on Flecker's minority as a poet, and more, considering his untimely death, on his kinship with the immortals.

Yours faithfully,
G. SCOTT BREMNER,
51, East Sheen Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.

THE LADIES' QUARTET

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I say how amazed I was to read the remarks in your columns on November 26 about the Ladies' Quartet from Leicester?

I could not stay to listen to their rendering of my own quartet—a most difficult piece, the meaning of which, whatever its worth, does not lie on the surface. But I heard them play it at rehearsal, and can say that only once in my life have players, without hints from me, so deeply and quickly penetrated my meaning; and from what I heard at the concert behind the scenes, while waiting for a taxi, I should have said they were playing it splendidly. This, too, seems to be the prevailing impression in the press and among my friends, and I owe it to them to say that much.

Technical perfection can be acquired—and their playing in rehearsal was very neat and clean—but warmth, inwardness, and grip such as theirs is of the spirit, and cannot be learned.

Yours, etc.,
ETHEL SMYTH, MUS. DOC.
Coign, Woking,
November 30, 1920.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—At the end of your friendly notice (ATHENÆUM, November 26) of my "Short History of the British Commonwealth" there is a sentence which puzzles me. "We hope," says your reviewer, "that the author in his second volume will furnish a better bibliography than that he now gives us."

My book contains not (as your reviewer suggests) one bibliography, but forty-five—one at the end of each chapter; and these lists, some of which are lengthy, would, if printed together, fill many pages of small type.

Can it be that your reviewer has only seen the list at the end of the last chapter? I am loth to believe this, since it would imply that he had not even read the preface, or turned over the pages, of the book he was reviewing. Yet it is difficult to imagine any other explanation for the sentence I have quoted; especially as there is not a word in the review apart from this sentence, which might not have been written after a casual glance at the table of contents.

I don't complain of the kind of review which is compiled from the table of contents, for one knows how hard-pressed reviewers often are. But I suggest that a reviewer should not venture upon hostile criticisms of a book which has obviously cost a good deal of work, unless he has at least found time to read the preface.

Yours, etc.,
RAMSAY MUIR.

Foreign Literature

THE FRENCH POLITICAL PHILOSOPHERS

LES IDÉES POLITIQUES EN FRANCE AU XVIII^È SIÈCLE. Par Henri Sée. (Paris, Hachette. 12 fr.)

THE exposition of political thought by means of extracts, as adopted by M. Henri Sée in this excellent book, has the disadvantage of attributing to its originators a greater measure of consistency than really belongs to them. Rousseau, for one, abounds in contradictions, contradictions which have a good deal exercised Lord Morley, and when confronted with a neat little *précis* of his opinions we cannot help feeling that much of him escapes us. The method also involves some mighty dull reading in the case of the Physiocrats, who, starting from Locke's doctrine of natural law and natural rights, landed themselves, somehow, in the contradiction of an absolutist State giving, at the same time, free play to the individual. But, though M. Sée's procedure may be open to dispute, there can be no question that his survey of the earnest men who, confronted by social wrongs that cried for remedy, sought ways out, some looking backwards, more forwards, is profoundly interesting. The reign of Louis XIV., with its splendid beginning, its miserable close, gave them, admittedly, a text of easy application.

Among those who looked back Saint-Simon should not be forgotten. He was a reformer in his way, and abuses such as the oppression of the intendants found in him a pertinacious critic. The interests of his own order lay too closely to his heart, however, to make him other than an oligarch in temper, and though, as M. Sée says, he advised the Duc de Bourgogne that the new reign should open with the convoking of the States General, it was merely to play them off against the Parliament of Paris and the lesser noblesse, the pawns of the Duc du Maine. The ideal France of Saint-Simon would have been in essence stagnant. Montesquieu had more generous sympathies; he hated despotism, in so far as his placid mind was capable of hating anything, and held civil liberty in genuine respect. But, led astray by English ideas, which he studied in books, not in practice, he invented in his famous "separation of powers" a puzzle rather than a solution for the woes of France. That lonely contemplator d'Argenson, whom Saint-Simon and his other contemporaries dismissed as a *balourd*, learned from his painful failure as a Minister more practical expedients in political regeneration. None saw more clearly than he that aristocratic privilege must go, and he even anticipated the modern opposition to the invasive tendencies of multiple shops.

The English model, more especially as distorted by Bolingbroke, was not, it may be, altogether to the benefit of the French. They gained from it, and none more than Voltaire, the great conception of liberty—that a man could go where he liked, work where he liked and, for that matter, get drunk when he liked. Such freedom had, however, nothing in common with a democratic franchise, and it was a misfortune that the political institutions admired by them, but not quite understood by them, had been captured by a Whig trade union with all its corruption and inefficiency. Mably and Condorcet saw closer into the heart of things than Montesquieu, and maintained that the English only enjoyed a half-liberty after all. But the notion of the necessity of "checks and balances" runs right through the century, sometimes with incongruous results. Thus Holbach was convinced that the faculty of electing representatives could belong only to true citizens, bound to the fatherland by possessions which guaranteed their attachment to it, or, as our own phrase went, to

people "with a stake in the country." Below them dwelt *une populace imbécile, privée de lumières et de bon sens*. To others, however, these were *l'ordre sacrée des infortunés*, and the redressing of their wrongs became an imperative public duty. A multiplicity of programmes, all depending on first principles, confused thought, and thus it was that when the high idealists set to work to build up a new France, they debated eternally and did not act. Out of doors lurked Marat with his uncomfortable doctrine that the superfluity of the rich should be distributed among the poor.

LL. S.

NEWS has just reached Professor Wildon Carr of the death, on November 27, at the age of 67, of Alexius Meinong, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Graz (Austria). Meinong was well known throughout the world by his special studies on "Gegenstandstheorie." His best-known works are "Ueber Abnahmen" (1902) and "Ueber die Stellung der Gegenstandstheorie im System der Wissenschaften" (1907-8).

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

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